

*Poetical Beauties*

OF

**MODERN WRITERS.**

*Sparsa coegi.*



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## SELECT MODERN POEMS.

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### ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HARRIET TAYLOR.

BY HER FATHER JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

**H**OW vain the wish of long continuing joy,  
Form'd on the transient pleasures of a day!  
How weak that man should serious toil employ,  
To rest his thoughts on clouds which fleet away.

As well from hence he may attempt to rise,  
On eddying winds aloft, and proudly dare—  
To bid the fiery meteor in the skies  
Arrest its motion through the liquid air.

Scarce had swift time his laughing-circle drawn,  
Of gay delusive years to twenty one,  
Ere all the light-blown bubbles of our dawn  
Vanish like dew-drops from the morning sun.

In manhood's course how artfully are thrown  
Succeeding lures of life from stage to stage!  
More firm in prospect, but, when truly known,  
Frail as the playthings of our infant age!

Of human ties that bind us most to earth,  
However various, 'tis by all agreed,  
If sunk with sadness, or if cheer'd by mirth,  
In either period friendship takes the lead.

2      MODERN POEMS.

Happy their lot, whose ever seeking minds,  
In this false world, can gain a small supply!  
Supremely so the man, who hourly finds  
At home its radiance beam from every eye!

This my past life hath prov'd, and yet may prove,  
Save that my Harriet is no longer giv'n!  
Her soul of friendship and her looks of love,  
Fled to their source, have found a home in heav'n.

Alas! reflection now alternate guides  
The mind, enfeebled to each different theme;  
As buried joy or living hope presides,  
Till balmy slumbers give this lenient dream:

Methinks I see, with sympathetic woe,  
Pale sorrow moving from that hallow'd tomb,  
In sighs as mild as summer's zephyrs blow,  
To breath these accents thro' the midnight gloom.

Mourner approach! yon moon will light thy way,  
O'er funeral hillocks in the cypress glade;  
These flowing eyes shall catch her waning ray,  
And shew the flow'ry turf where Harriet's laid!

Eager I haste, with dying voice to speak  
This one memorial, as a truth sincere:  
Her life ne'er call'd a blush upon her cheek,  
Or drew, till gone, from this fond heart a tear.

When Faith, descending on a seraph's wing,  
Points out my progress to a happier shore;  
There the bright saint (she said) can welcome bring,  
And hail with rapture, "we shall part no more."

## THE FIELD MOUSE.

FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF

LADY BURRELL'S POEMS.

A Mouse, the sleekest of the train,  
That ever stole the farmer's grain,  
Grew tir'd of acorns, wheat and pease,  
And long'd to feed on savory cheese.  
A travell'd Sir, a mouse of spirit,  
Endow'd with wit, but little merit,  
In evil hour a visit paid,  
And turn'd his inexperienc'd head  
With stories of I know not what!  
The comforts of the shepherd's cot,  
The plenty of the farmer's barn,  
And granaries replete with corn;  
But most the luxury and waste  
Of houses own'd by men of taste,  
Where a man-cook consumes the meat,  
Yet leaves enough for mice to eat,  
And in whose pantry cheese and ham,  
Invite a colony to cram.

The longing mouse the story hears;  
He feels alternate hopes and fears;  
His friend's advice he dares pursue,  
And bids his rural friends adieu.  
When night her sable curtain spread,  
And all was silent as the dead,  
Our hero crept along the way  
His friend had pointed out by day,  
And entering at the cellar door,  
Ascended to the pantry floor.

Behind a table there he lies,  
 And thinks himself secure and wise.  
 At morn a plenteous scene appears,  
 Enough to serve him many years;  
 (The reliques of a sumptuous dinner  
 Are tempting to a young beginner;)   
 He peeps and thinks he may come out  
 To taste a bit and look about;  
 No foe appears, and bolder grown,  
 He swears the treasure is his own;  
 Then sallying forth in open day,  
 Eats all that comes into his way.

But soon the greasy cook is seen—  
 The mouse looks pitiful and mean;  
 Scouts from the dresser in a fright,  
 Yet does not 'scape his watchful sight.  
 The gnaw'd remains of viands rare  
 Are taken from the shelf with care,  
 And in their place a trap is set,  
 To make the thief repay the debt.

The mouse at evening dares to peep,  
 And thinks his foe is fast asleep;  
 The savoury cheese his fancy draws  
 Within the trap's unfeeling jaws;  
 He finds too late his error there,  
 And dies upon the fatal snare;  
 A martyr unto bad advice,  
 A lesson to imprudent mice,  
 Who discontented with their home,  
 To gayer scenes desire to roam.

## DUNCAN'S WARNING.

FROM POEMS BY I. AIKIN, M. D.

**A**S o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes  
The royal Duncan rode in martial pride,  
Where, full to view, high-topp'd with glitt'ring  
    vanes,  
Macbeth's strong tow'rs o'erhung the mountain's  
    side;

In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form  
Rush'd with a giant's stride across his way;  
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,  
In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd dismay.

Stop O king! thy destin'd course,  
Furl thy standard, turn thy horse,  
Death besets this onward track,  
Come no further—quickly back.

Hear'st thou not the ravens croak?  
See'st thou not the blasted oak?  
Feel'st thou not the loaded sky?  
Read thy danger, king, and fly,

Lo, yon castle's banners glare  
Bloody thro' the troubled air!  
Lo, where spectres on the roof  
Frowning bid thee stand aloof!

Murder, like an eagle, waits  
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,  
Just in act to pounce his prey;  
Come not near—away! away!

Let not plighted faith beguile,  
 Honour's semblance, beauty's smile:  
 Fierce ambition's venom'd dart  
 Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason arm'd against thy life,  
 Points his dagger, whets his knife,  
 Drugs his stupifying bowl,  
 Steels his unrelenting soul.

Now 'tis time; ere guilty night  
 Closes round thee, speed thy flight.  
 If the threshold once be crost  
 Duncan! thou'rt for ever lost.

On he goes—resistless fate  
 Hastes to file his mortal date;  
 Cease, ye warnings, vain, though true—  
 Murder'd king, adieu! adieu!\*

## DESCRIPTION OF A SEA STORM.

FROM ADRIANO, OR THE FIRST OF JUNE.

BY DR. HURDIS.

**S**O from the shore they launch'd,  
 Bound to no port but destin'd on a cruize,

\* The idea of this messenger of terror, here engrafted on the story of Macbeth, is derived from an incident which the French historians relate to have occurred to Charles VI. in the forest of Manne.



A morning's cruize for fish. Pleas'd was the youth;  
With utmost joy he saw the wood recede,  
Beheld his cottage dwindled to a speck,  
Observ'd the snow-white cliffs to right and left  
Unfolding their wide barrier to his view,  
And felt the boat bound quickly o'er the waves  
Light as a cork. He took the helm, rejoic'd,  
And right before the wind held on his course  
Unheeding! 'Twas in vain his busy friends  
Advis'd a diff'rent course, to gain with ease  
The shore he left. He carelessly went on,  
And never dream'd of danger and delay  
Never experienced. Fast into the waves  
Sinks the far distant shore. The lofty cliff  
Stoops to the water, and his hoary brow  
At ev'ry wave seems buried in the flood.  
And now the gloomy clouds collect. A storm  
Comes mutt'ring o'er the deep, and hides the sun.  
Hush'd is the breeze, and the high-lifted wave,  
Portending speedy danger, to the shore  
In lurid silence rolls. In tenfold gloom  
The stormy south is wrapt, and his grim frown  
Imparts unusual horror to the deep.  
Now to the shore too late young Gilbert turns.  
The breeze is sunk, and o'er the mountain waves  
Labours the bark in vain. To the stout oar  
The fisher and his son repair, and pull,  
Alarm'd for safety, 'till their flowing brows  
Trickle with dew. And oft the anxious youth  
Looks back amaz'd, and sees the light'ning play,  
And hears the thunder, and beholds a sea  
Ready to burst upon him. Oft he thinks  
Of Anna and Sophia, and of thee,  
Much-lov'd Maria, and thy aged fire,

Never perhaps again to walk with you,  
 To hear you speak, to live upon your smiles.  
 Ye hapless pair! what shall become of you,  
 No brother to defend you, and no father?

But fast the storm increases. The strong flash  
 Incessant gleams upon the curling wave.  
 Round his dark throne in awful majesty  
 The thunder marches; his imperious roar  
 Shakes the proud arch of heav'n. And now the show'r  
 Begins to drop, and the unsteady gulf  
 Sweeps to the shore, and stoops the flying boat  
 E'en to the brink. Small distance then, my friends,  
 'Twixt life and death; a mere hair's breadth. And yet  
 Far, very far, appears the wish'd-for port.  
 And lo! between yon rocks now seen, now lost,  
 Buried in foam, and high the milky surge  
 Rolls its proud cataract along the shore,  
 Access denying. To the frowning cliff  
 Approach not. Mark the strong recoiling wave;  
 E'en to the base of the high precipice  
 It plunges headlong, and the steadfast hill  
 Wears with eternal battery. No bark  
 Of forty times your strength in such a sea  
 Could live a moment! 'Twere enough to wreck  
 A british navy, and her stoutest oak  
 Shiver to atoms.

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### THE COUNTRY BALL.

FROM AMUSEMENT, A POETICAL ESSAY.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

**B**BRITANNIA scarcely owns a town so small  
 As not to boast its periodic ball,



Where, when full-orb'd, Diana pours her light,  
And gilds the darkness of the wint'ry night,  
The village beaux and belles their hours employ  
In the full swing of fashionable joy:—  
Aside the unfinish'd handkerchief is thrown,  
And the fair sempstrefs now adjusts her own;  
Th' apothecary quits th' unpounded pill,  
Ev'n the attorney drops his venal quill,  
And, as his eyes the sprightly dance behold,  
Forgets to drain the widow's purse of gold.—  
To these 'tis joy—But ev'n the courtly train,  
Anxious the dregs of pleasure's bowl to drain,  
When, fully sated with each splendid show  
That elegance and grandeur can bestow,  
To rural solitude they fly, will there  
This faint reflection of amusement share.  
When from Southampton's or from Brighton's shore,  
Which charm'd when London's revelry was o'er  
The fading beauty of autumnal hours,  
Recalls the sportsman to his native bow'rs,  
To tell his neighbours all the toils of state,  
Recount of public cares th' enormous weight,  
And how he slumber'd through the long debate.  
His wife and daughter quit the Gothic hall,  
To taste the raptures of the rustic ball.  
The high-born misses, insolent and vain,  
Scorn while they mingle with the homely train,  
Still at the top, in spite of order, stand,  
And hardly touch a mean plebeian hand;  
While madam, eager 'mid the card-room's strife,  
Insults the lawyer's and the curate's wife,  
Now smiles contemptuous, now with anger burns,  
And domineers and scolds and cheats by turns;  
Pleas'd on the village gentry to retort  
Slights she receives from Duchesses at court.

## THE COUNTRY FAIR.

FROM THE SAME WORK.

**B**EHOLD the transports of yon festive scene,  
 Where the wide country on the tented green  
 Its inmates pour impatient all to share  
 Th' expected pleasures of the annual fair.  
 See to the am'rous youth and village maid  
 The pedlar's silken treasury display'd;  
 The liquorish boy the yellow limnel eyes,  
 The champion's cudgel wins the envied prize;  
 The martial trumpet calls the gazers in  
 Where lions roar, or fierce hyenas grin.  
 Responsive to the tabor's sprightly sound,  
 Behold the jingling morrice beat the ground;  
 The neighbouring courser, sleek and trick'd for sale,  
 Grains in his paunch and ginger in his tail;  
 The dwarf and giant painted to the life,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the shrill-ton'd fife,  
 Prelusive to the warlike speech that charms  
 The kindling heroes of the plains to arms.  
 Here bliss unfeign'd in every eye we trace,  
 Here heart-felt mirth illumines ev'ry face,  
 For pleasure here has never learnt to cloy,  
 But days of toil enliven hours of joy.  
 Joy, how unlike its unsubstantial shade  
 Which faintly haunts the midnight masquerade,  
 Where the distorted vizard ill conceals  
 The deep ennui each languid bosom feels,  
 And, but for shame, each vot'ry of delight,  
 Fatigued with all the nonsense of the night,  
 Would, like squire Richard, seek with sated eye  
 Wrestling and back-sword for variety.

Nor do I fable—worn with constant care  
Of feverish riot and fantastic glare,  
From splendid luxury our youth resort,  
To all the roughness of barbarian sport,  
And leave each softer elegance of town  
To share the pastime of the rustic clown;  
Crowd to behold, on the forbidden stage,  
Christian and Jew in bloody fight engage,  
Amusement in a fractur'd shoulder spy,  
And gaze with rapture on a batter'd eye.

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ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON THE PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

FROM THE POETRY OF ANNA MATILDA.

**C**HILL blows the blast, and twilight's dewy hand  
Draws in the west her dusky veil away;  
A deeper shadow steals along the land,  
And nature mutes at the death of day.

Near this bleak waste no friendly mansion rears  
Its walls, where mirth and social joys resound,  
But each sad object melts the soul to tears,  
While horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus alone and comfortless I roam,  
Wet with the drizzling show'r, I sigh sincere;  
I cast a fond look towards my native home,  
And think what valiant Britons perish'd here.

Yes, the time was; not very far the date,  
When carnage here her crimson toil began;  
When nations' standards wav'd in threat'ning state,  
And man the murd'rer met the murd'rer man.

For war is murder, though the voice of kings  
Has styl'd it justice, styl'd it glory too;  
Yet from worse motives fierce ambition springs,  
And there fix'd prejudice is all we view!

But sure 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,  
For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;  
Some nat'ral cause prevails we cannot see,  
And that is fate which we ambition call.

O let th' aspiring warrior think with grief,  
That as produc'd by chymic art refin'd;  
So glitt'ring conquest from the laurel-leaf  
Extracts a gen'ral poison for mankind.

Here let me wander at the midnight hour,  
These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;  
And mourn, like me, the ravages of pow'r!  
And feel, like me, that vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell  
My feeble verse with many a sounding name;  
Of such the mercenary bard may tell,  
And call such dreary desolation, fame.

The genuine muse removes the thin disguise  
That cheats the world, whene'er she deigns to sing;  
And full as meritorious to her eyes  
Seems the poor soldier, as the mighty king?

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,  
How Britain more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,  
Where Louis stood, where stalk'd the column flow;  
I turn from these, and dwell upon the dead.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave,  
Too well I love them not to mourn their fate,  
Why should they seek for greatness in the grave?  
Their hearts are noble, and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in war the brave excel—  
To valour ev'ry virtue is allied!  
Here faithful friendship 'mid the battle fell,  
And love, true love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,  
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins,  
Bath'd in moist sorrow many a beauteous face,  
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen  
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues:  
Hard were that heart, which here could beat serene,  
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But lo! through yonder op'ning clouds afar  
Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray,  
That bears thy name, fictitious lord of war!  
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then Fontenoy, farewell! yet much I fear,  
(Wherever chance my course compels) to find  
Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,  
“The noise of battle hurtles in the wind.”

From barb'rous Turkey to Britannia's shore,  
 Opposing int'rests into rage increase;  
 Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,  
 Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace?

### THE MORNING DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TASK.

'T WAS in the sweet season of spring,  
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,  
 I dreamt what I cannot but sing,  
 So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.

I dreamt that, on ocean afloat,  
 Far west from fair Albion I sail'd,  
 While the billows high lifted the boat,  
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,  
 (Such at least was the form that she bore)  
 Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,  
 Ne'er taught me by woman before.

She sat, and a shield by her side  
 Shed light, like a sun, on the waves;  
 And smiling divinely, she cried,  
 'I go to make freemen of slaves!'

Then raising her voice to a strain,  
 The sweetest that ear ever heard,  
 She sung of the slave-broken chain,  
 Wherever her glory appear'd.



Some clouds which had over us hung  
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear;  
And methought while she liberty sung,  
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,  
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,  
Where a dæmon her enemy stood,  
Oppression his terrible name.

In his hand, as a sign of his sway,  
A scourge hung with lashes he bore;  
And stood looking out for his prey  
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,  
This goddess-like woman he view'd,  
The scourge he let fall from his hand,  
With blood of his subjects embru'd.

I saw him both sicken and die,  
And, the moment the monster expir'd,  
Hear'd shouts, that ascended the sky,  
From thousands with raptures inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse,  
On what such a dream might betide?  
But soon my ear caught the bad news,  
Which serv'd my weak thoughts for a guide:

That Britannia renown'd o'er the waves,  
From the hatred she ever had shewn  
To the black-scepter'd ruler of slaves,  
Resolves to have none of her own.

THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER'S  
EVENING WALK.

FROM WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF  
SELBORNE.

WHEN day declining sheds a milder gleam,  
What time the may-fly haunts the pool or  
stream;

When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,  
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed;  
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,  
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;  
To hear the clam'rous curlew call his mate,  
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;  
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain  
Belated, to support her infant train;  
To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring  
Dash round the steeple, unsubdu'd of wing:  
Amusive birds! say where your hid retreat  
When the frost rages and the tempests beat;  
Whence your return by such nice instinct led,  
When spring, soft season, lifts her blooming head?  
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,  
The God of Nature is your secret guide.

While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,  
To yonder bench leaf-shelter'd let us stray,  
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,  
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;  
To hear the drowsy daw come brushing by  
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;  
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;  
To catch the distant falling of the flood;



While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn-owl hung,  
 Thro' the still gloom protracts his chatt'ring song;  
 While high in air and pois'd upon his wings,  
 Unseen the soft enamour'd wood-lark sings:  
 These, nature's works, the curious mind employ,  
 Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:

As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain  
 Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine;  
 The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;  
 The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,  
 Or cottage chimney smoaking through the trees.

The chilling night-dews fall:—away, retire;  
 For see, the glow-worm lights her am'rous fire!  
 Thus, ere night's veil had half obscur'd the sky,  
 Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:  
 True to the signal, by love's meteor led,  
 Leander hasten'd to his hero's bed.

### AN ITALIAN SONG.

FROM AN ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

**D**EAR is my little native vale,  
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there;  
 Close by my cot she tells her tale  
 To ev'ry passing villager.  
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,  
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
 I charm the fairy-footed hours  
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;  
 Or crowns of living laurel weave  
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day  
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,  
 The canzonet and roundelay  
 Sunk in the silent green-wood shade;  
 These simple joys, that never fail,  
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

### VIRTUE AN ORNAMENT.

AN ODE TO THE LADIES.

FROM FORDYCE'S POEMS.

**T**HE diamond's and the ruby's rays  
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,  
 And more attract our love and praise  
 Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in pity's eye  
 Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;  
 And the soft blush of modesty  
 More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,  
 May strike the sight with quick surprize;  
 But truth and innocence alone  
 Can still engage the good and wise.

No glitt'ring ornament or show  
 Will aught avail in grief or pain:  
 Only from inward worth can flow  
 Delight that ever shall remain.

Behold, ye fair, your lovely queen!  
 'Tis not her jewels, but her mind;  
 A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen;  
 It is her virtue charms mankind!

## IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK XVI. ODE 2.

BY MR. HASTINGS,

ON HIS PASSAGE FROM BENGAL TO ENGLAND.

FOR ease the harrafs'd seaman prays,  
When Equinoctial tempests raise  
The Cape's surrounding wave;  
When hanging o'er the reef he hears  
The cracking mast, and sees or fears,  
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease, the slow *Mabratta* spoils  
And harder *Sic* erratic toils,  
While both their ease forego;  
For ease, which neither gold can buy,  
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie  
The cover'd heart, bestow;

For neither gold, nor gems combin'd,  
Can heal the soul, or suffer mind:  
Lo! where their owner lies;  
Perch'd on his couch distemper breathes,  
And care, like smoke, in turbid wreathes  
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,  
The lands his father held before,  
Is of true bliss possess'd:  
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,  
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,  
And wise, as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,  
 Lest printed lies his fame destroy,  
     Which labour'd years have won;  
 Nor pack'd committees break his rest,  
 Nor av'rice sends him forth in quest  
     Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span; then why engage  
 In schemes, for which man's transient age,  
     Was ne'er by fate design'd;  
 Why slight the gifts of nature's hand,  
 What wand'rer from his native land  
     E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will,  
 And discontent attend him still,  
     Nor quit him while he lives;  
 At sea, care follows in the wind,  
 At land, it mounts the pad behind,  
     Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,  
 Must laugh the present ills away,  
     Nor think of woes to come;  
 For come they will, or soon or late,  
 Since mix'd at best is man's estate,  
     By heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd  
 With lacks enrich'd, with honors crown'd,  
     His valour's well-earn'd meed;  
 Too long, alas! he lived to hate  
 His envied lot, and died too late,  
     From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliott's\* doom,  
 I saw his op'ning virtues bloom,  
 And manly sense unfold;  
 Too soon to fade! I bade the stone  
 Record his name 'midst hordes unknown,  
 Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the fates may give,  
 I wish they may, in health to live,  
 Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields;  
 Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine,  
 With these, the muse already thine,  
 Her present bounties yields.

For me, O shore, I only claim  
 To merit, not to seek for fame,  
 The good and just to please;  
 A state above the fear of want,  
 Domestic love, heaven's choicest grant,  
 Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

## ODE.

By PETER PINDAR.

A Thousand frogs upon a summer's day,  
 Were sporting midst the sunny ray,  
 In a large pool reflecting ev'ry face;  
 They show'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,  
 In harmless sallies frequent vied,  
 And gambol'd through the water with a grace.

\* Mr. Elliott died in October, 1778, in his way to Naupore, the capital of Moodajee Boorla's dominions,

It happen'd that a band of boys,  
 Observant of their harmless joys,  
 Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport;  
 One frenzy seiz'd both great and small,  
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,  
 Meaning to splash them, not to do them hurt.

As Milton quaintly sings, "the stones 'gan pour,"  
 Indeed an Otaheite show'r!  
 The consequence was dreadful, let me tell ye;  
 One's eye was beat out of his head—  
 This limp'd away, that lay for dead—  
 Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Among the smitten, it was found  
 Their beauteous queen receiv'd a wound;  
 The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,  
 And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:  
 At length king croak got up, and thus begun—  
 "My lads, you think this very pretty fun!

"Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—  
 "Have warmly complimented all our chops;—  
 "To you, I guess that these are pleasant stones;  
 "And so they might be to us frogs,  
 "You sad, young good-for-nothing dogs!—  
 "But they're so hard they break our bones."

being deputed on an embassy to that prince, by the governor general and council; a monument was erected to his memory on the spot where he was buried; and the Mahrattas have since built a town there, called *Elliott Gunge*, or *Elliott's Town*.



MOST WHOLESOME ADVICE TO  
LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

BY THE SAME.

WHATE'ER your wish, in landscape to excel,  
London is the very place to mar it,  
Believe the oracles I tell,

There's very little landscape in a garret.  
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,  
'Tis badly copying them for goats and sheep;  
And, if you take the poet's honest word,  
A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rushlight winking in a bottle's neck,  
Ill represents the glorious orb of morn;  
Nay, though it were a candle with a wick,  
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think too, that a man would be a fool,  
For trees to copy legs of a joint-stool;  
Or ev'n by them to represent a stump:  
As also broom-sticks, which though well he'd rig  
Each with an old fox-colour'd wig,  
Must make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll say—"Yet such ones oft a person sees  
In many an artist's trees;  
And in some paintings, we have all beheld,  
Green baize hath surely sat for a green field;  
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;  
Cats for ram goats—and curs, for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I free'y grant;  
But better things from you I want.  
As Shakspeare says (a bard I much approve)  
"Lift, lift, Oh lift"—if thou dost painting love:

Claude painted in the open air!—  
 Therefore to Wales at once repair;  
 Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find:  
 Besides this great advantage—if in debt,  
 You'll have with creditors no tête-à-tête:  
 So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;  
 Who hunt you, with what nose they may,  
 Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

---

### LOUISA'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH EUGENIO.

FROM MISS SEWARD'S LOUISA, A POETICAL  
NOVEL.

'T WAS noon, and ripen'd summer's fervid ray,  
 From cloudless ether shed oppressive day,  
 As on this shady bank I sat reclin'd,  
 My voice, that floated on the waving wind,  
 Taught the soft echos of the neighb'ring plains  
 Milton's sweet lays, in Handel's matchless strains.  
 Presaging notes my lips unconscious try,  
 And murmur—" Hide me from day's garish eye."  
 Ah! blest had death a shade eternal thrown,  
 And hid me from the woes I since have known!  
 Beneath my trembling fingers lightly rung  
 The lute's sweet chords, responsive while I sung;  
 Faint in the yellow broom the oxen lay,  
 And the mute birds sat languid on the spray;  
 And nought was heard, around the noon-tide bow'r,  
 Save that the mountain bee from flow'r to flow'r  
 Seem'd to prolong, with her assiduous wing,  
 The soft vibration of the tuneful string;



While the fierce skies flam'd on the shrinking hills,  
And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills.

As on my lip the ling'ring cadence play'd,  
My brother gaily bounded down the glade,  
And while my looks the fire of gladness dart,  
With ardor press'd me to his throbbing heart;  
Then to a graceful stranger turn'd, whose feet,  
With steps less swift, my coyer welcome meet.  
O'er his fine form, and o'er his glowing face,  
Youth's ripen'd bloom had shed its richest grace;  
Tall as the pine, amidst inferior trees,  
With all the bending ozier's pliant ease.  
O'er his fair brow, the fairer for their shade,  
Locks of the warmest brown luxuriant play'd.  
Blushing he bows! and gentle awe supplies  
Each flatt'ring meaning to his downcast eyes;  
Sweet, serious, tender, those blue eyes impart  
A thousand dear sensations to the heart;  
Mild as the ev'ning star, whose shining ray  
Soft in th' unruffled water seems to play;  
And when he speaks—not music's thrilling pow'r,  
No, not the vocal mistress of the bow'r,  
When slow she warbles from the blossom'd spray,  
In liquid blandishments her ev'ning lay,  
Such soft, insinuating sweetness knows,  
As from that voice in melting accent flows!

Yet why fond mem'ry! why in tints so warm,  
Paint'st thou each beauty of that faultless form?  
His specious virtues surely might impart  
Excuse more just for this devoted heart.  
Oh! how each noble passion's seeming trace  
Throw transient glories o'er his youthful face!  
How rose, with sudden impulse, swift, and strong,  
For ev'ry secret fraud, and open wrong,

Th' oppressor acts, the helpless feel, or fear,  
Disdain's quick throb, and pity's melting tear.  
So well its part each ductile feature play'd,  
Of worth such firm, tho' silent promise made,  
That to have doubled its well-painted truth,  
Had been to want the primal grace of youth,  
Credulity, that scorns, with gen'rous heat,  
Alike to practice, or suspect deceit.

---

## SONNET TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

**P**OOOR melancholy bird, that all night long  
Tell'st to the moon thy tale of tender woe;  
From what cause can such sweet sorrow flow,  
And whence this mournful melody of song?

Thy poet's musing fancy would translate  
What mean the sounds that swell thy little breast,  
When still at dewy eve thou leav'st thy nest,  
Thus to the list'ning night to sing thy fate.

Pale sorrow's victims wert thou once among,  
Though now releas'd in woodland wilds to rove,  
Or hast thou felt from friends some cruel wrong,  
Or diedst thou martyr of disastrous love?  
Ah! songstress sad! that such my lot might be,  
To sigh and sing at liberty—like thee!

## SONNET TO THE SOUTH DOWNS.

BY THE SAME.

AH! hills belov'd! where once an happy child,  
Your beechen shades, "your turf, your  
flowers among,"

I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,  
And woke your echoes with my artless song.

Ah! hills belov'd! your turf, your flow'rs remain;  
But can they peace to this sad heart restore,  
For one poor moment sooth the sense of pain,  
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?

And you, Aruna! in the vale below,  
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,  
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,  
To drink a long oblivion to my care?  
Ah, no!—when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,  
There's no oblivion—but in death alone!

---

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH SOME  
FLOWERS.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON'S ANECDOTES OF  
THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

TO thee, sweet smiling maid, I bring  
The beauteous progeny of spring:  
In ev'ry breathing bloom I find  
Some pleasing emblem of thy mind.

The blushes of that op'ning rose  
 Thy tender modesty disclose.  
 These snow-white lilies of the vale  
 Diffusing fragrance to the gale,  
 No ostentatious tints assume,  
 Vain of their exquisite perfume;  
 Careless, and sweet, and mild, we see  
 In them a lovely type of thee.  
 In yonder gay-enamel'd field,  
 Serene that azure blossom smil'd:  
 Not changing with the changeful sky  
 Its faithful tints inconstant fly;  
 For, unimpair'd by winds and rain,  
 I saw th' unalter'd hue remain.  
 So were thy mild affections prov'd,  
 Thy heart by fortune's frown unmov'd,  
 Pleas'd to administer relief,  
 In times of woe would solace grief.  
 These flow'rs with genuine beauty glow;  
 The tints from nature's pencil flow:  
 What artist could improve their bloom?  
 Or sweeter make their sweet perfume?  
 Fruitless the vain attempt. Like these  
 Thy native truth, thine artless ease,  
 Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to please. }

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### DESCRIPTION OF AN AGED RUSTIC,

FROM MR. CRABBE'S VILLAGER.

**N**OR yet can time itself obtain from these  
 Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease;  
 For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age  
 Can with no cares except its own engage;

Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see  
The bare arms broken from the with'ring tree;  
On which a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,  
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade,  
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;  
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud  
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;  
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,  
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:  
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;  
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain;  
Alternate masters now their slave command,  
And urge the efforts of his feeble hand;  
Who, when his age attempts its task in vain,  
With ruthless taunts of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him when he tends the sheep,  
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;  
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow  
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow;  
When rous'd by rage and mutt'ring in the morn,  
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.

" Why do I live, when I desire to be  
" At once from life, and life's long labour free?  
" Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,  
" Without the sorrows of a slow decay;  
" I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,  
" Nipt by the frost, and shiv'ring in the wind;  
" There it abides till yonder buds come on,  
" As I, now all my fellow swains are gone;  
" Then, from the rising generation thrust,  
" It falls, like me, unnotic'd to the dust.  
" These fruitful fields, these num'rous flocks I see,  
" Are others gain, but killing cares to me;

" To me the children of my youth are lords,  
 " Slow in their gifts, but hasty in their words;  
 " Wants of their own demand their care, and who  
 " Feels his own want and succours others too?  
 " A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,  
 " None need my help, and none relieve my woe;  
 " Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,  
 " And men forget the wretch they would not aid."

### THE VILLAGE APOTHECARY AND CLERGYMAN.

FROM THE SAME POEM.

**B**UT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,  
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;  
 Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,  
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit.  
 With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,  
 With speed that, ent'ring, speaks his haste to go;  
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,  
 And carries fate and physic in his eye;  
 A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,  
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills;  
 Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,  
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,  
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;  
 In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,  
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;  
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,  
 Without reply, he rushes on the door.  
 His drooping patient long inur'd to pain,  
 And long unheeded knows remonstrance vain;



He ceases now the feeble help to crave  
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,  
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;  
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove  
His title certain to the joys above;  
For this he sends the murm'ring nurse, who calls  
The holy stranger to these dismal walls;  
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,  
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"  
Ah! not a shepherd of a different stock,  
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock,  
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task,  
As much as God or man can fairly ask;  
The rest he gives to love and labours light,  
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;  
None better skill'd, the noisy pack to guide,  
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide:  
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom miss'd,  
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist.  
Then, while such honors bloom'd around his head,  
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,  
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal  
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

### THE EMIGRANT'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FORMER STATE.

FROM DR. COOMBE'S PEASANT OF AUBURN;  
OR, THE EMIGRANT.

**Y**ET, witness heaven, though such thy chang'd  
decrees,  
Ne'er did I waste my hours in loit'ring ease,

Ne'er did thy blessings prompt a wish to stray,  
Health new'd my limbs, and virtue blest my day.  
Constant at dawn to hardy toils I rose,  
Brav'd the bleak winds, and desolating snows,  
Whilst sweet contentment lent her magic pow'r,  
Softened the gale, and warm'd the frozen show'r.  
Still sad remembrance fondly calls to view  
The field where once the branching poplar grew.  
'Twas there when spring renew'd the ploughman's  
toil,

My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged soil;  
There, with my sickle through long summer days,  
I work'd regardless of the noon-tide blaze;  
And there the lab'ring band as leisure sway'd  
The bough-crown'd reaper and the village maid,  
Led up their sports along the bord'ring green,  
Whilst age look'd on and blest the harmless scene.  
Such were my toils, in days too bright to last,  
Such joys were mine but all those joys are past!

Mean though I was, and circled too with care,  
Yet blest with little, I had still to spare.  
No neighbour's sorrows but assail'd my breast,  
No poorer brother left my door unblest.  
To all my mite, to some, more singly dear,  
I gave the tender tribute of a tear.  
 Oft times, returning from the task of day,  
I hail'd the weary trav'ler on his way,  
Remark'd the hour of rest was nearly come,  
And prest the stranger to my social home.  
Heedless of future ills, the playful train,  
To meet their fire, came shouting o'er the plain,  
With eager haste their little news convey'd,  
Or round the green their mimick dance display'd.



Perhaps some neighb'ring swain of genial soul  
 Would lift the latch and join our sober howl;  
 And, whilst his soothing tales engag'd the guest,  
 Of slighted love, or modest worth distrust,  
 Whate'er our dairy, or our fields afford,  
 In frugal plenty smil'd upon the board.  
 Blest social home! and ye dear distant bowers!  
 Scenes of my youth, and all my blissful hours,  
 Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,  
 This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own.  
 E'en now, weak nature, rous'd to keener pain,  
 Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in ev'ry vein.

---

### ADVICE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

FROM MR. DUNCAN'S MORAL HINTS TO  
 THE RISING GENERATION.

**R**OUSE then, exert thy talents, neither weak,  
 Nor 'mid the sons of dulness doom'd to sneak.  
 Get learning: 'tis the grace of science fair,  
 That gives the lib'ral mind it's noblest air.  
 Get knowledge: it insures enjoyment true,  
 Fit self-esteem, a claim to reverence due.  
 Get wisdom: in her train the virtues shine,  
 Thy guides, with hope and faith, to bliss divine.  
 Get wisdom—arduous aim!—not hopeless. Run,  
 Begin. Half ended is the race begun.  
 Fleet, e'en at starting for the victor's meed,  
 Fly, the whole course is glowing; fleetest speed.  
 The stripling drone, for life a driv'ler, ends  
 A shame, a burthen to himself and friends.

Blank as decrepitude shall youth flit by,  
 Manhood, unmark'd by one slight merit, die.  
 Lo! yon dull clown, bends o'er his fork, demurs,  
 Yawns, listless eyes the gliding stream, nor stirs;  
 But waits it's gliding off, that gliding still  
 From ages, to succeeding ages will.

As idly toil these dolts, in chace as vain  
 Of air-gilt bubbles, pleasure, grandeur, gain,—  
 Ill does an earthworm's offal, thy pursuit,  
 Base worldling, a celestial spirit suit;  
 Born to hold commerce with it's kindred skies,  
 From strength to strength, to glory born to rise.

"Who talks of spirit? All corporeal grown,  
 "Each thinks of seeming now, of being none,  
 "A brilliant equipage, a modish wife,  
 "The flutter, noise, and outside glare of life,  
 "In building, gard'ning, fordid is the plan,  
 "That suits the rank and fortune of the man;  
 "Abject the taste, that stoops to things of use,  
 "Poor the best-order'd board, if not profuse."  
 Rare nostrums these, to heal a feverish heart!  
 Act thou the rational, the decent part,  
 Which truth, pure nature, and religion trace,  
 With moral dignity, with manly grace;  
 Fair virtue's offspring, pleasure, lovely ward  
 Of heav'n-taught wisdom, shall thy truth reward,  
 With grandeur, gain, un sullied as the ray,  
 That gilds yon sky-topt dome in cloudless day;  
 While sadd'ning damps, and low-born vapours drown  
 The revels, pomp, and traffic of the town.  
 Above dependence rais'd by gentle fate,  
 Pity the slaves condemn'd to court the great  
 They blush to own. The genuine great revere,  
 Whose high deserts adorn their stated sphere.

Be thy deserts as high, the gen'rous aim  
 From man to merit, not solicit fame,  
 Be thine the triumphs of a soul serene,  
 The smile of reason and a golden mean.  
 Be thine the praise of God: nor stoop to rail,  
 If humbler projects of ambition fail.

“ Friend, keep your Roman courtier still in sight;  
 “ Be civil, as your text, to ears polite.  
 “ Religion! wisdom! pshaw—your sermon cloy,  
 “ A golden mean what modern wight enjoys?  
 “ For homespun virtues ransack hist'ry now:  
 “ Back to young Rome's dictator at the plough.”  
 From fashion's taint, and dissipation free,  
 With such plain puts retir'd, as—and me,  
 Shun random commerce, to respect mankind:  
 Keep sound and strong thy native health of mind:  
 The sound shall seek thee; few, indeed, but such,  
 As need no caution to frequent too much;  
 While sots and foplings fly the sacred shade,  
 Nor fortune's fools its halcyon ease invade.

---

### THE SIGH.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

**W**HEN youth his fairy reign began,  
 Ere sorrow had proclaim'd me man;  
 While peace the present hour beguil'd,  
 And all the lovely prospect smil'd;  
 Then, Mary! mid my lightsome glee,  
 I heav'd the painless sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of woe,  
 My harraß'd heart was doom'd to know

## MODERN POEMS.

The frantic burst of outrage keen;  
 And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;  
 Then shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea,  
 I heav'd an anguish'd sigh for thee!

But soon reflection's power impress,  
 A stiller sadness on my breast;  
 And sickly hope with waning eye  
 Was well content to droop and die:  
 I yielded to the stern decree,  
 Yet heav'd a languid sigh for thee!

And tho' in distant climes to roam,  
 A wand'rer from my native home,  
 I fain would sooth the sense of care,  
 And lull to sleep the joys that were!  
 Thy image may not banish'd be—  
 Still, Mary! still, I sigh for thee.

---

 THE ROSE.

BY THE SAME.

AS late each flow'r that sweetest blows,  
 I pluck'd the garden's pride!  
 Within the petals of a rose  
 A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beaming wreath,  
 Of many a lucid hue;  
 All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,  
 Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded pow'r,  
Nor scar'd his balmy rest ;  
And plac'd him, cag'd within the flow'r,  
On spotless Sarah's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,  
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,  
He struggled to escape awhile,  
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight  
Subdu'd th' impatient boy !  
He gaz'd, he thrill'd, with deep delight,  
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

" And O," he cried—" Of magic kind,  
" What charms this throne endear !  
" Some other love let Venus find—  
" I'll fix *my* empire here."

---

### THE KISS.

BY THE SAME.

ONE Kiss, dear maid, I said, and sigh'd—  
Your scorn the little boon deny'd :  
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?  
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?

Yon viewless wand'rer of the vale,  
The spirit of th' western gale,  
At morning's break, at ev'ning's close,  
Inhales the sweetness of the rose ;

E

And hovers o'er th' uninjur'd bloom,  
 Sighing back the soft perfume.  
 Vigor to the zephyr's wing  
 Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;  
 And he, the glitter of the dew,  
 Scatters on the rose's hue.  
 Bashful, lo! she bends her head,  
 And darts a blush of deeper red.

Too well those lovely lips disclose  
 The triumphs of the op'ning rose:  
 O fair! O graceful! bid them prove  
 As passive to the breath of love.  
 In tender accents, faint and low,  
 Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd "No!"  
 The whisper'd "No!"—how little meant!  
 Sweet falsehood that endears consent!  
 For on those lovely lips the while  
 Dawns the soft, relenting smile,  
 And tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,  
 The gentle violence of joy.

---

### TO A YOUNG ASS,

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

BY THE SAME.

**P**OOOR little foal of an oppressed race!  
 I love the languid patience of thy face;  
 And oft, with gentle hand, I give thee bread,  
 And clap thy rugged coat, and pat thy head.  
 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,  
 That never thou dost sport along the glade?



And, most unlike the nature of things young,  
 That earth-ward still thy moveless head is hung?  
 Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,  
 Meek child of misery! thy future fate?  
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches,  
 "Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes?"  
 Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain,  
 To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain?  
 And truly very piteous is *her* lot—  
 Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot;  
 Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,  
 While sweet around thee waves the tempting green!  
 Poor ass! thy master shou'd have learnt to shew  
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!  
 For much I fear me, that *he* lives, like thee,  
 Half famish'd in a land of luxury!  
 How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend!  
 It seems to say—"and have I then one friend?"  
 Innocent foal! thou poor, despis'd, forlorn,  
 I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn!  
 And fain would take thee with me in the dell  
 Of peace, and mild equality to dwell;  
 Where toil shall hail the charmer health, his  
     bride,  
 And laughter tickle plenty's ribble's side!  
 How thou would'st toss thy heels in gamesome  
     play,  
 And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!  
 Yea, and more musically sweet to me  
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,  
 Than warbled melodies, that sooth to rest,  
 The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast!



## MODERN POEMS.

## DOMESTIC PEACE.

BY THE SAME.

**T**ELL me on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found?  
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of scepter'd state,  
 From the rebels' noisy hate.  
 In a cottage vale she dwells,  
 List'ning to the sabbath bells!  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honor's meeker mien;  
 Love, the fire of pleasing fears;  
 Sorrow smiling thro' her tears;  
 And, conscious of the past employ,  
 Mem'ry, bosom-spring of joy.

---

 TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A  
 VILLAGE.

BY THE SAME.

**O**NCE more, sweet stream! with slow foot  
 wand'ring near,  
 I bless thy milky waters, cold and clear.  
 Escap'd the flashing of the noon-tide hours,  
 With one fresh garland of Pierian flow'rs,  
 (Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)  
 My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.  
 For not thro' pathless grove, with murmur rude,  
 Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude:

## MODERN POEMS.

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Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to dwell,  
 The Hermit-Fountain of some dripping cell!  
 Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply  
 The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.  
 The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks,  
 With infant uproar, and soul-soothing pranks,  
 Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,  
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.  
 The rustic here at eve with pensive look,  
 Whistling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook;  
 Or, starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread,  
 To list the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread:  
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,  
 Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.  
 Unboastful stream! thy fount, with pebbled falls,  
 The faded form of past delight recalls,  
 What time the morning sun of hope arose,  
 And all was joy; save when another's woes  
 A transient gloom upon my soul impress'd,  
 Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.  
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,  
 Or silv'ry stole beneath the pensive moon.  
 Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,  
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

---

### SONNET. TO AN OLD MAN.

BY THE SAME.

**S**WEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled  
 To see thee, poor old Man! and thy grey  
 hairs

Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares  
 To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.

My father! throw away this tatter'd vest  
 That mocks thy shiv'ring! take my garment—use  
 A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews  
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy  
 breast.

My Sarah too shall tend thee, like a child:  
 And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,  
 Of purple pride, and scowls on wretchedness—  
 He did not scowl, the GALILÆAN mild,  
 Who met the LAZAR turn'd from rich man's  
 doors,  
 And call'd him friend, and wept upon his fores!

---

### THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

BY THE SAME.

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,  
 Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight.  
 A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,  
 And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:  
 With these the magic dews, which evening brings,  
 Brush'd from th' Idalian star by fairy wings:  
 Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,  
 Each gentle pleasure of th' unspotted mind—  
 Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness  
 glow,  
 And hope, the blameless parasite of woe.  
 The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,  
 The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs;

Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when th' enamour'd dove  
Pours the soft murm'ring of responsive love,  
The finish'd work might envy vainly blame,  
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.  
With half, the God his Cyprian mother blest,  
And breath'd on Sarah's lovelier lips the rest.

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## THE MANIAC.

BY CHARLES LLOYD.

THOSE gestures so wild and forlorn,  
Those looks uninform'd by the soul,  
Those laughs of objectless scorn,  
Those eye-balls that vacantly roll,

Those garments that negligent hang,  
That pace so unequal and slow,  
They tell of a past suffer'd pang,  
Yet of feeling now callous to woe!

Those sighs that so piteously swell,  
Heave a breast all unconscious of strife!  
Those tears that unwittingly fell,  
They drain not the sluices of life!

That bosom exposed and bare,  
It solicits the pitiless blast!  
That form, unprotected by care,  
On the cold earth is heedlessly cast!

Yet that form so neglected and wan,  
Which no friend shall assiduously nurse,  
It forgets that its title—is man!  
And cancels humanity's curse!

Poor Maniac! I envy thy state,  
When with sorrow and anguish I shrink;  
When shall I *be wise* and forget!  
For 'tis *madness* to feel and to think!

These throbs of emotion, 'tis true,  
They appear all enchanting and fair;  
But how soon shall we piteously rue,  
That the charm was in league with despair.

And hope, that disease of the mind,  
Which wakes the keen throb of desire,  
Alas! what a blank shall it find,  
When its fondly-shap'd transports expire!

What a blank shall it find!—when in youth  
The credulous feelings can bless,  
We wish and imagine it truth,  
We dream, and believe we possess.

But the tears that voluptuously start,  
The charm of th' unspeakable sigh,  
The rapture that seizes the heart,  
When a kindred companion is nigh,

Th' immortal aspirings of worth  
Are feelings all fruitlessly giv'n!  
Those feelings must perish on earth!  
And they scarcely are fabled in heaven!

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE languid notes of lonesome birds  
From yonder coppice sweetly wind,  
And thro' the scene are faintly heard,  
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

As slow my devious feet advance  
Thro eve's unrealizing gloom,  
Mine eyes peruse with eager glance  
An Infant's solitary tomb.

'Tis simple! yet the green sod here,  
That seems to court no stranger's eye,  
'Than marble claims a tenderer tear,  
'Than sculptor moves a softer sigh!

A lonely primrose lifts its head,  
And here and there pale violets peep,  
And if no venal tears are shed,  
The dews from many a daisy weep.

And pity here is often seen,  
To prompt the nameless pilgrim's sighs;  
For pity loves to haunt the scene  
Where grief is stripp'd of art's disguise.

Farewel sweet spot! my soul I feel  
Entranc'd in sorrow's softest mood,  
These pensive shades that o'er me steal,  
They shall not lightly be withstood.



## ADDRESS TO HAPPINESS.

BY DR. HURDIS.

O HAPPINESS! thou puny short-liv'd plant,  
Whose tender branch this world's inclement  
sky

But ill endures, and bears abundant bloom  
In the pacific clime of heav'n alone,  
Let me thy transient beauty strive to rear,  
Not without hope, uncertain as thou art,  
That thy sweet blossom shall at length be mine,  
I'll give thee shelter from all winds that blow,  
Diffuse eternal summer round thy head,  
And satisfy thy root with gentle drops,  
Warm as the dew the tender mother sheds  
Upon her drooping child. And in return  
Do thou, sweet stranger, to my longing eye  
At least one blossom leisurely unfold,  
To be transported when occasion smiles,  
Into the bosom of the maid I love.

There to abide, perchance shall please thee well,  
For 'tis a mansion like thy native seat,  
The fair abode of innocence and truth.  
Be it thy home, and satisfy mankind  
That happiness can flourish here below,  
And is not always like the cereus' bloom,  
Alive at night and wither'd ere the morn.

TO A LADY WHO DREW THE PINS FROM  
HER BONNET IN A THUNDER-STORM.

BY THE SAME.

CEASE, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,  
Nor remove the bright steel from thy  
hair,

For fruitless and fond is the toil,  
Since nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,  
And thine eyes so bewitchingly shine,  
Thy endeavour will still be in vain,  
For *attraction* will ever be thine.

---

CANZONET.

BY THE SAME.

CAN aught be more fair to the eye  
Than the blush of the maidenly year?  
Can aught with the orchard-bloom vie,  
When in May its sweet blossoms appear?  
Can aught like the eglantine please,  
Or the rose budding?—Tell me what can?  
O, thrice more attracting than these,  
Is the cheek of my sweet little Anne.

What can charm like the spring of the field,  
When it trickles transparently by?  
Or what sweeter pleasure can yield,  
Than to look on the gems of the sky?  
What can win like the tremulous dew  
Which the zephyrs on gossamer fan?  
O thrice more enchanting to view  
Is the eye of my sweet little Anne.

Can aught like the morning delight,  
When it dawns toward peaceable day?  
Or bewitch like the planet of night,  
When she steals in good humour away?  
Is there aught like the sweetness of eve,  
When serene as when nature began,  
The soft sun takes his mellow last leave?  
Yes; the smile of my sweet little Anne.

Can aught more delicious be nam'd,  
Than the exquisite fruit of the pine?  
More inviting can aught be proclaim'd  
Than the elegant branch of the vine?  
Is there ought can in flavour exceed  
Ev'ry beverage precious to man?  
O yes; these are tasteless indeed,  
To the kiss of my sweet little Anne.

Thrice more than the sun-setting hour,  
Or the dawn of the morning benign,  
More delightful than spring's sweetest flow'r,  
Or th' mirth-making juice of the vine:  
More serene than the gems of the sky,  
And more soft than the down of the swan,  
Is the cheek, is the lip, is the eye,  
Is the smile of my sweet little Anne.

MODERN POEMS.

49

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM THE TEARS OF AFFECTION, A POEM.

BY THE SAME.

WITH thee have I admir'd the shady grove,  
The sunny champaign, the extensive weald  
Scatter'd with steeples, messuages, and mills,  
And dwelt on many a pleasurable spot  
Of intersected pasture, with it's stock,  
Cottage and lodge, few sheep and grazing cow,  
Deeming content and happiness were there.  
With thee have I applauded the deep vale,  
It's verdure mellowing as it stole away  
To either margin of a winding stream,  
Presenting fainter shadows, softer woods ;  
With thee beheld, with smile affectionate  
Our native downs remote, hill behind hill,  
Gigantic family, some near, some far,  
Withdrawing ; till their faint expiring tops  
Were almost lost and melted into air.  
With thee have I delighted still to rove,  
At morn, at eve, in twilight and at noon,  
Long as sweet summer lasted. Chiefly then,  
When tufts of primrose smil'd upon the banks,  
Gracing the verge of some translucent stream  
Or glassy lake, whose mirror their soft flow'rs  
Reflected softer to the loit'rer's eye.  
Or when the strawberry, with ruddy cheek,  
Provok'd the finger to be plucking still,  
When fragrant honey-suckle his sweet flow'r  
Along the hedge-row scatter'd, and the breeze  
Of ev'ning freely his perfume dispers'd ;

When blossom'd clover, or the martial bear,  
The hay-rick newly built, or bitter hop  
Emitting from the oast a grateful steam,  
Fill'd all the vale with odors. Arm in arm  
Have we the dews of ev'ning often met,  
And the pale ray of the September noon,  
What time ascending with discolour'd cheek  
She peer'd above the cloud or highland wood,  
And silently improving as she rose  
Hung o'er the faded landscape full of light;  
A glorious lamp to cheer a boundless hall,  
Floating across the living dome of heav'n  
Suspended upon nothing. Arm in arm  
Have we the sun of morning on the brow  
Yet unapparent welcom'd, and his soft  
Emergent glory like the bee enjoy'd,  
Roving from bank to bank, from hill to hill.  
Along the meadow now, or thro' the field  
Of sheaves erect, or barley by the scythe  
In frequent lines dispos'd, or fertile oat.  
Now by the stream, to hear the liquid lapse  
Of Rother gliding o'er some pebbly shoal,  
Or with hoarse tumult thro' the foamy dam  
And idle mill-wheel falling. Homeward now  
Thro' many a garden which the foster'd hop  
Shades with his branch prolific, yet untouch'd:  
Now to some quarter where his honours fall  
Thro' many a family, who pluck'd his flow'rs  
And fill the bin with gold, there to delay  
And haply some assist the pole to strip,  
Bestowing freely a few moments toil  
To mark how industry her task pursues,  
With finger never weary, singing still.  
Now to the village whose aspiring church

High on a hillock in the valley stands,  
 And smiles with glory in the rising sun,  
 As if it lov'd the prospect it adorns.  
 How sweet the pleasure then, in some lone nook  
 Under a precipice, or lofty wood,  
 To pause and listen, while the village bells,  
 By distance mellow'd, their melodious tones  
 Each after other to the feeding ear  
 Softly persuasive utter'd; faintly heard  
 Sometimes, and scarce more audible, remote,  
 Than the mellifluous octave, gently touch'd  
 By some impassion'd songstress, to relieve  
 Her soul-subduing song; sometimes more bold  
 A sweet harmonious diapason swell  
 Of gradual increase, by the breeze at length  
 In loud confusion huddled on the ear,  
 Till echo chid them and they died again.

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### ON VIEWING THE CORPSE OF A SISTER.

FROM THE SAME.

AH me! is this my Isabel? are these  
 The lips where health his odoriferous gales  
 And vernal roses shed? Are these the balls,  
 Whose dew so often fell to soothe my pain  
 And welcome my return, provoking still  
 The latent sympathy my looks deny'd,  
 Till my heart melted and my eye o'erflow'd?  
 Are these the fingers that so charm'd my ear?  
 Is this the hand that dwelt upon my arm



So many summers in the ev'ning walk?  
 The hand that serv'd me with good will so free,  
 Guided the pen so fairly, and the heart  
 So sweetly pourtray'd on the vacant leaf?  
 How chang'd and how disguis'd! Dear, lovely Maid,  
 These wasted features and this dread attire  
 Deprive thee of all semblance. But for these  
 Eternal horrors which thy limbs enclose,  
 And this thy name engraven, I should deem  
 Delusion bound me in her subtle chain.  
 Whither, oh whither is thy beauty fled?

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### OUR OWN MISFORTUNES EQUALLED BY OTHERS.

FROM THE SAME.

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—BITTER loss!  
 Sorrow and misery o'erflow the cup  
 Of many a soul more innocent than mine.  
 Behold yon village church, whose humble tow'r  
 Stands in a vale between two lofty hills  
 Upon the confines of the winter's flood.  
 There Caroletta sleeps. Poor hapless girl!  
 She saw a darling brother bound in chains  
 And visited his dungeon—saw the sword  
 Of angry justice waving o'er his head—  
 Blush'd for his shame—absconded from the world—  
 Pin'd into sickness—and the culprit dead,  
 Close at his heels went down into the grave.  
 So beauty, virtue, piety, and youth  
 Fell in an instant, and the scythe of time

Cut from the root, with one determin'd blow,  
The noisome thistle and the harmless rose;  
A rose too delicate and winning fair  
For the deserted village where it grew,  
And happily remov'd to bloom in heaven.

Conduct thine eye along that chain of hills,  
Observe a steeple at the mountain's foot  
Girded by woodland. There Aurelia liv'd,  
And to her happy spouse, the vicar, bore  
Six smiling infants. To maturer years  
Each rose in turn, but ere the hour was past  
Which childhood limits, one grew sick and died:  
Another linger'd and another fell:

A third departed, and thus clos'd the grave  
On three sweet maidens in the bloom of life.  
A duteous son then fell, by phrenzy seiz'd,  
Ere education her expensive work  
Had well accomplish'd, and the letter'd youth  
Dismiss'd a graduate. Yet another liv'd,  
But liv'd remote upon the Indian shore,  
Nor there liv'd long, but died. The vicar then  
To heav'n was summon'd, and his weeping spouse  
With only one poor sickly daughter left,  
Fled from the vale, and was not heard of more.

Then let me not complain, but o'er thy grave,  
Departed Isabel, my tablet place,  
And to my hearth return; content that heav'n,  
Which all might challenge, has yet spar'd me much.  
"Adieu, sweet maid, whom death untimely smote,  
"As eager winter nips the bud of spring  
"For blossoming too early. Here secure,  
"While judgment tarries, in the dust repose,  
"And while less happy thro' the vale of life  
"We toil in tears without thee, Yet not long

" Shall death divide us. Swift as the dove's wing  
 " Shall pass the moments of this changeful stage,  
 " And soon our bones shall meet. Here will we  
     " sleep,  
 " Here wait together, and from hence ascend  
 " (If haply innocence like thine be ours)  
 " To love, which no affliction shall disturb."

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### THE CURATE'S MANSION.

FROM THE VILLAGE CURATE.

BY THE SAME.

**I**N yonder mansion, rear'd by rustic hands,  
 And deck'd with no superfluous ornament,  
 Where use was all the architect propos'd,  
 And all the master wish'd, which scarce a mile  
 From village tumult, to the morning sun  
 Turns his warm aspect, yet with blossoms hung,  
 Of cherry, and of peach, lives happy still  
 The reverend Alcanor. On a hill,  
 Half way between the summit and a brook  
 Which idly wanders at its foot, it stands,  
 And looks into a valley wood-besprent,  
 That winds along below. Beyond the brook,  
 Where the high coppice intercepts it not,  
 Or social elms, or with his ample waist  
 The venerable oak, up the steep side  
 Of yon aspiring hill full opposite,  
 Luxuriant pasture spreads before his eye  
 Eternal verdure; save that here and there  
 A spot of deeper green shews where the swain

Expects a nobler harvest, or high poles  
Mark the retreat of the scarce-budded hop  
Hereafter to be eminently fair,  
And hide the naked staff that train'd him up  
With golden flowers. On the hill top behold  
The village steeple, rising from the midst  
Of many a rustic edifice, 'tis all  
The pastor's care. For he, ye whipping clerks  
Who with a jockey's speed from morn till night  
Gallop amain thro' sermons, services,  
And dirty roads, and barely find the day  
Sufficient for your toil—he still disdains  
For lucre-sake to do his work amiss,  
And starve the flock he undertakes to feed.

---

There the apostle lives,  
In habitation neat, but plain and small.  
Look in and see, for there no treason lurks,  
And he who lives as in the face of heav'n,  
Shuns not the eye of man. On either side  
The door that opens with a touch, a room,  
The kitchen one, and what you will the other.  
There now he sits in meditation lost,  
And to the growing page commits with speed  
To-morrow's text. Look round, nor fear to rouse  
The busy soul, which on her work intent,  
Holds sense a pris'ner, and with cautious bolt  
Has barr'd full fast the portals of the mind,  
To shut out interruption. Bare the walls—  
For here no painter's happy art has taught  
The great progenitor to live anew  
Upon the smiling canvas. Sculptor here  
No ornament has hung of fruit or flower;  
Nor specimen is here, to shew how well

The imitative stile can steal the grace  
Which nature lent the painter. One poor sheet,  
Half almanack, half print, without a frame,  
Above the grate hangs unaccompanied ;  
A kind remembrancer of time to come,  
Of fast and festival, expiring terms,  
New moon and full. A regal-table here  
Arrests the eye, and here the brave account  
Of chancellor, high steward, and their train,  
Vice-chancellor, and proctors, awful sound,  
And still more awful sight to him that treads  
The public street with hat and stick, or wants  
That grave appendage of the chin, a band.  
Above behold the venerable pile  
Some pious founder rais'd ; but stay we not  
To call him from his grave, where he perhaps  
Would gladly rest unknown, and have an ear  
Not to be rous'd by the Archangel's trump.

Yon half-a-dozen shelves support, vast weight !  
The curate's library. There marshall'd stand,  
Sages and heroes, modern and antique.  
He their commander, like the vanquish'd fiend,  
Outcast of heav'n, oft thro' their armed files  
Darts an experienc'd eye, and feels his heart  
Distend with pride to be their only chief.  
Yet needs not he the tedious muster-roll,  
The title-page of each well-known, his name  
And character. Nor scorns he to converse  
With raw recruit or musty veteran,  
And oft prefers the mutilated garb  
To macaroni suit, bedaub'd with gold,  
Which often hides the man of little worth,  
And tinsel properties. What need of dress  
So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within

Be chaste and pure? The fairest mask put on  
Hides not the wrinkle of deformity.  
A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frieze,  
And on his tatter'd suit a lustre shed  
No time can change. Give to the harlot's cheek  
The glowing rouge, true virtue needs it not.  
Shed perfumes in the chambers of the sick,  
The lip of health has odours of its own.

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## VALENTINE'S DAY.

FROM THE SAME.

THEN let the bard begin, when winter yet  
Powders the lawn with snow, and on our eaves,  
Hangs the chaste icicle. Be that the time,  
When the tir'd sportsman lays his gun aside,  
Nor wages ineffectual war again  
On partridge race. The day St. Valentine,  
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day  
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all  
To know what happy swain the fates provide  
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge  
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penn'd,  
But to the learned critic's eye no verse,  
But prose distracted, gallopping away  
Like yelping cur with kettle at his tail.  
Forgive the thought, ye maids of poesy,  
And be as kind as fair. Critics may laugh  
And yet approve, and I your pains applaud,  
Tho' short of excellence. I love the maid  
Which has ambition, and betrays a mind



Of active and ingenious turn; who scorns  
Only to know what fashion and the age  
Require, and can do more than flirt her fan,  
Read novels, dance with grace, sing playhouse airs,  
Speak scandal, daub on vellum or her face,  
Retail some half-a-dozen terms in French,  
And twice as many English, and dispatch  
By every post a tedious manuscript,  
Which to translate would crack the very brain  
Of Arabic professor. O ye fair,  
Ye were design'd for nobler flights than these;  
Nature on you as well as us bestow'd  
The good capacity. And tho' to us  
She gave the nicer judgment, yet she hid  
The sweet defect in you, with better skill  
To clothe the fair idea, keener eye,  
And quicker apprehension. 'Tis in you  
Imagination glows in all her strength,  
Gay as the robe of spring, and we delight  
To see you pluck her blossoms, and compose  
The cheerful nescgay for the swain you love.  
What if Alcanor's self should not disdain  
To imitate your toils, but sometimes hang  
Ill-woven chaplets on Maria's brow,  
Which needs no ornament to make it please  
With sweeter grace. The hour so spent shall live,  
Not unapplauded, in the book of heav'n.  
For dear and precious as the moments are  
Permitted man, they are not all for deeds  
Of active virtue. Give me none to vice,  
And heav'n will not strict reparation ask  
For many a summer's day and winter's eve  
So spent as best amuses us. Alas!  
If he that made us were extreme to mark

The trifled hour, what human soul could live?  
We trifle all; and he who best deserves  
Is but a trifler. What art thou whose eye  
Follows my pen? or what am I that write?  
Both triflers. 'Tis a trifling world, from him  
Who banquets daintily, in sleeves of lawn,  
To him who starves upon a country cure:  
From him who is the pilot of a state,  
To him who begs, and rather begs than works.

---

ON THE EXISTENCE OF A SUPERIOR  
BEING.

FROM THE SAME.

—— COME hither, fool, who vainly think'st  
Thine only is the art to plumb the depth  
Of truth and wisdom. 'Tis a friend who calls,  
And has some honest pity left for thee,  
O thoughtless, stubborn sceptic. Look abroad  
And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe  
The scene so wonderful, so fair, and good?  
Shall we no farther search than sense will lead,  
To find the glorious cause which so delights  
The eye and ear, and scatters ev'ry where  
Ambrosial perfumes? Is there not a hand  
Which operates unseen, and regulates  
The vast machine we tread on? Yes, there is  
Who first created the great world, a work  
Of deep construction, complicated, wrought  
Wheel within wheel; tho' all in vain we strive

To trace remote effects thro' the thick maze  
Of movements intricate, confus'd and strange,  
Up to the great Artificer, who made  
And guides the whole. What if we see him not?  
No more can we behold the busy soul  
Which animates ourselves. Man to himself  
Is all a miracle. I cannot see  
The latent cause, yet such I know there is,  
Which gives the body motion; nor can tell  
By what strange impulse the so ready limb  
Performs the purposes of will. How then  
Shall thou or I, who cannot scan ourselves,  
In this our narrow vessel, comprehend  
The being of a God? Go to the shore,  
Cast in thy slender angle, and draw out  
The huge Leviathan. Compress the deep,  
And shut it up within the hollow round  
Of the small hazel nut. Or freight the shell  
Of snail or cockle with the glorious sun,  
And all the worlds that live upon his beams,  
The goodly apparatus that rides round  
The glowing axle-tree of heav'n. Then come,  
And I will grant 'tis thine to scale the height  
Of wisdom infinite, and comprehend  
Secrets incomprehensible to know; to know  
There is no God, and what the potent cause  
Which the revolving universe upholds,  
And not requires a deity at hand.

Persuade me not, insulting disputant,  
That I shall die, the wick of life consum'd,  
And spite of all my hopes sink to the grave,  
Never to rise again. Will the great God,  
Who thus by annual miracle restores  
The perish'd year, and youth and beauty gives

By resurrection strange, where none was ask'd,  
 Leave only man to be the scorn of time,  
 And sport of death? Shall only he one spring,  
 One hasty summer, and one autumn see,  
 And then to winter irredeemable  
 Be doom'd, cast out, rejected, and despis'd?  
 Tell me not so, or by thy self enjoy  
 The melancholy thought. Am I deceiv'd?  
 Be my mistake eternal. If I err,  
 It is an error sweet and lucrative.  
 For should not heav'n a farther course intend  
 Than the short race of life, I am at least  
 Thrice happier than thou, ill-boding fool,  
 Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly  
 Which I not fear. But I *shall* live again,  
 And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed.  
 A medicine it is, which with a touch  
 Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,  
 Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,  
 And of her hornet sting so keen, disarms  
 Cruel adversity——

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DESCRIPTION of the CURATE'S GARDEN,  
 AND HIS LABOUR IN IT COMMENDED.

FROM THE SAME.

AT once we rush into the midst of June,  
 And find Alcanor at the noon of day  
 Laborious in his garden. The warm sun  
 Is clouded, and the fluctuating breeze  
 Calls him from nicer labour, to attend

The vegetable progress. Mark we now  
A thousand great effects which spring from toil  
Unsung before. The martial pea observe,  
In square battalion ranged, line after line  
Successive; the gay bean her hindmost ranks  
Stript of their blossoms; the thick scatter'd bed  
Of soporific lettuce; the green hill  
Cover'd with cucumbers: all these my muse  
Disdains not. She can stray well pleas'd, and pluck  
The od'rous leaf of marj'rum, balm, or mint,  
Then smile to think how near the neighbourhood  
Of rue and wormwood in her thoughtful eye,  
Resembling life, which ever thus brings forth  
In quick succession bitter thing and sweet.  
Nor scorns she to observe the thriving sage,  
Which well becomes the garden of a clerk;  
The wholesome camomile, and fragrant thyme.  
All these thy pains, Alcanor, propagate,  
Support, and feed. Let the big doctor laugh,  
Who only toils to satisfy the calls  
Of appetite insatiate, and retires,  
Good honest soul, offended at the world,  
In pure devotion, to his pipe and bowl,  
And whiffs and sleeps his idle hours away.  
Yes, let him laugh. A life of labour yields  
Sweeter enjoyment than his gouty limbs  
Have sense to feel. It gives the body health,  
Agility, and strength, and makes it proof  
Against the fang of pain. It stays the course  
Of prodigal contagion, scares away  
The scythe of time, and turns the dart of death.  
And hence the mind unwonted force derives;  
Recruited oft by labour, to her work  
Strong as a giant she returns, and rolls

Her Sisyphæan ball with wond'rous ease  
 Up to the mountain's top. It is the soul  
 Of poesy and wit. Then follow still  
 The happy task, nor scorn to feel, Alcanor,  
 How passing grateful 'tis to reap the fruits  
 Of willing toil. The board of industry,  
 By her own labour frugally supplied,  
 Gives to her food an admirable zest,  
 Unknown to indolence, which half asleep  
 With palateless indifference surveys  
 The smoaking feast of plenty.

---

Once again observe  
 Alcanor in his garden; not alone,  
 For Isabel is there. The day declines,  
 And now the falling sun offends them not.  
 She rears the fainting flow'r, and feeds its roots.  
 Ye botanists, I cannot talk like you,  
 And give to every plant its name and rank,  
 Taught by Linne; yet I perceive in all  
 Or known or unknown, in the garden rais'd,  
 Or nurtur'd in the hedge-row or the field,  
 A secret something which delights my eye  
 And meliorates my heart. And much I love  
 To see the fair one bind the straggling pink,  
 Cheer the sweet rose, the lupin and the stock,  
 And lend a staff to the still gadding pea.  
 I cannot count the number of the stars,  
 Nor call them by their names, much less relate  
 What vegetable tribes Alcanor loves,  
 The fair ones rear. I will not swell my song,  
 Like you, ye bards of epopœian fame,  
 With the proud list of forces led from Greece,  
 Or angels tumbled headlong into hell.



Yet let me praise the garden-loving maid,  
Who innocently thus concludes the day.  
Ye fair, it well becomes you. Better thus  
Cheat time away, than at the crouded rout,  
Rustling in silk, in a small room, close pent,  
And heated e'en to fusion; made to breathe  
Foetid contagious air, and fret at whiff,  
Or sit aside to sneer and whisper scandal.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF A SMITH.

FROM THE SAME.

SEE, pale and hollow-eyed in his blue shirt,  
Before the scorching furnace, reeking stands  
The weary smith. A thund'ring water-wheel  
Alternately uplifts his cumb'rous pair  
Of roaring bellows. He torments the coal  
And stirs the melting ore, till all resolv'd;  
Then with vast forceps seizes the bright mass,  
And drags it glowing to the anvil. Eye  
Can scarce attend it, so intense the heat.  
He bears it all, and with one arm lets free  
Th' impatient stream. The heavy wheel uplifts  
Slowly, and suddenly lets fall the loud  
And awful hammer, that confounds the ear,  
And makes the firm earth tremble. He the block  
Shapes to the blow obsequious; cooler grown,  
He stays his flood-gate, once again provokes  
The dying cinder, and his half-done work  
Buries in fire. Again he plucks it forth,  
And once more lifts it to the sturdy anvil.

There beaten long, and often turn'd, at length  
'Tis done. He bears it hissing to the light,  
An iron bar. Behold it well. What is it,  
But a just emblem of the lot of virtue?  
For in this naughty world she cannot live,  
Nor rust contract nor mingle with alloy.  
So the great Judge, to make her worthy heav'n,  
Submits her to the furnace and the anvil;  
Till molten, bruis'd, and batter'd, she becomes  
Spotless and pure, and leaves her dross behind.

Who can repine and think his lot severe  
Who well considers this? The slaving smith  
That wipes his flowing brow so fast, his bread  
Earns at the bitter cost, expence of health.  
In summer's hottest day he feeds his forge,  
And stands expos'd to the distressful fire  
That almost broils him dead. Yet what complaint  
Makes he at fortune? He is well content  
To toil at his infernal work, and breathe  
A torrid atmosphere, to earn at best  
Scanty subsistence in this pinching world.  
Ye idle rich, consider this, nor aim  
At places, pensions, titles, coronets.  
Ye lazy clerks, consider this, nor sue  
For benefices, canonries, and mitres.  
All might inherit ease, would they not long  
To fill a braver office, and at times  
Look down, and see how hard the drudging poor  
Toils for a bare subsistence. Be content,  
And happiness shall turn and follow you.  
But she is coy as the unwedded maid,  
And he that follows her is vex'd in vain,

And may pursue for ever. Let her fly ;  
 Shy fool, I follow not. If thou relent,  
 Feast at my board, and be a welcome guest.

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### HARVEST.

FROM THE SAME.

**N**OW o'er his corn the sturdy farmer looks,  
 And swells with satisfaction to behold  
 The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.  
 We too are gratified, and feel a joy  
 Inferior but to his, partakers all  
 Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd  
 In plentiful profusion o'er the field.  
 Tell me ye fair, Alcanor tell me, what  
 Is to the eye more chearful, to the heart  
 More satisfactive, than to look abroad,  
 And from the window see the reaper strip,  
 Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat?  
 Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,  
 And see where he has cut his sounding way,  
 E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field  
 Of oats or barley? What delights us more,  
 Than studiously to trace the vast effects  
 Of unabated labour? To observe  
 How soon the golden field abounds with sheaves?  
 How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,  
 In frequent lines before the keen-edged scythe?  
 The clatt'ring team then comes, the swarthy hind  
 Down leaps and doffs his frock alert, and plies  
 The shining fork. Down to the stubble's edge

The easy wain descends half built, then turns  
And labours up again. From pile to pile  
With rustling step the swain proceeds, and still  
Bears to the groaning load the well-poiz'd sheaf.  
The gleaner follows, and with studious eye  
And bended shoulders traverses the field  
To cull the scatter'd ear, the perquisite  
By heaven's decree assign'd to them who need,  
And neither sow nor reap. Ye who have sown,  
And reap so plenteously, and find the grange  
Too narrow to contain the harvest giv'n,  
Be not severe, and grudge the needy poor  
So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,  
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf  
And overlook the loss. For he who gave  
Will bounteously reward the purpos'd wrong  
Done to yourselves; nay more, will twice repay  
The generous neglect. The field is clear'd;  
No sheaf remains; and now the empty wain  
A load less honorable waits. Vast toil succeeds,  
And still the team retreats, and still returns  
To be again full-fraught. Proceed, ye swains,  
And make one autumn of your lives, your toil  
Still new, your harvest never done. Proceed,  
And stay the progress of the falling year,  
And let the cheerful valley laugh and sing,  
Crown'd with perpetual August. Never faint,  
Nor ever let us hear the hearty shout  
Sent up to heaven, your annual work complete  
And harvest ended. It may seem to you  
The sound of joy, but not of joy to us.  
We grieve to think how soon your efforts cease,  
How soon the plenteous year resigns her fruits,  
And waits the mute approach of furly winter.

## THE STORY OF PALEMON AND ANNA.

FROM THE SHIPWRECK, BY FALCONER.

**C**HARG'D with the commerce, hither also came  
 A gallant youth, Palemon was his name.  
 A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,  
 He came, the victim of unhappy love!  
 His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;  
 For her a secret flame his bosom fed.  
 Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn  
 This genuine passion, nature's eldest born!  
 'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,  
 While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain,  
 Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,  
 Of power to melt the female breast with ease;  
 To her Palemon told his tender tale,  
 Soft as the voice of summer's ev'ning gale.  
 O'erjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent;  
 The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent,  
 Oft' in the mazes of a neighb'ring grove,  
 Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love,  
 By fond society their passion grew,  
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.  
 In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame  
 Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.  
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast,  
 Palemon's father heard the tale confess.  
 Long had he listen'd with suspicious ear,  
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.  
 Too well, fair youth! thy lib'ral heart he knew;  
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true!

Full oft' his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,  
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil.  
 That soil impregnated with nobler seed,  
 Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.  
 Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,  
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,  
 With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,  
 That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.  
 Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,  
 The flatt'ring promise of his future joy!  
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim  
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim.  
 Oft' led the youth, where circling joys delight  
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.  
 With all her powers enchanting music fail'd,  
 And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.  
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,  
 In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain.  
 In absence now his only hope remain'd;  
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.  
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,  
 Drew o'er his lovely face a sadd'ning gloom.  
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,  
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind;  
 To thee, brave Albert\*, was the charge consign'd. }  
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,  
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.  
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth  
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth;  
 From clime to clime, an exile, doom'd to roam,  
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

\* The name of the captain of the ship.



PALEMON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS PARTING  
WITH ANNA, FOR THE LAST TIME.

FROM THE SAME.

THE ship was laden, and prepar'd to sail,  
And only waited now the leading gale;  
'Twas ours in that sad period first to prove  
The heart-felt torments of despairing love.  
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;  
Desire that with perpetual current flows:  
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;  
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!  
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,  
The western breezes inauspicious blew,  
Hast'ning the moment of our last adieu. }  
The vessel parted on the falling tide;  
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied.  
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,  
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast,  
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,  
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.  
Soon her quick footsteps struck my list'ning ear!  
She came confess'd! the lovely maid drew near!  
But ah! what force of language can impart  
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!  
O! ye whose melting hearts are form'd to prove  
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love?  
When, with delicious agony, the thought  
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;  
Your secret sympathy alone can tell  
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;

O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,  
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

In transport lost, my trembling hope impress,  
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;  
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;  
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!  
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew  
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!  
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt  
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt;  
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,  
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!  
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,  
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,  
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,  
Such flatt'ring, fond ideas entertain?  
My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd,  
To joys decreed for some superior maid.  
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest sting of grief,  
Where never gentle hope affords relief.  
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone!  
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!  
The hov'ring anger yet thou may'st appease,  
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!  
Find out some happier daughter of the town,  
With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;  
Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,  
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.  
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,  
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate,  
Go then; I charge thee, by thy gen'rous love,  
That fatal to my father thus may prove!  
On me alone let dark affliction fall!  
Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.

Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,  
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!

She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel-face,  
O'er all her beauties showr'd celestial grace.  
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,  
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.  
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,  
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?  
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!  
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth,  
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see  
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?  
Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom  
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!  
Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!  
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight,  
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,  
That sweet possession only knows to heal!  
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!  
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;  
Tho' tyrant duty o'er me threat'ning stands,  
And claims obedience to her stern commands:  
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,  
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!  
My heart, that now must ev'ry joy resign,  
Incapable of change, is only thine!—

O, cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,  
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away.  
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,  
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.  
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,  
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.  
For this prosperity with brighter ray,  
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.

Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are  
o'er,  
Shall hail Palemon to his native shore,  
Where never int'rest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender  
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief;  
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,  
Beneath the wint'ry sun's departing beam.  
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,  
And gave the signal of a last adieu.

As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,  
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung,  
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,  
Too oft, alas! the wand'ring lover's grave!  
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,  
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.  
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,  
She pour'd her soul to heav'n in suppliant sighs—  
Look down with pity, oh! ye pow'rs above,  
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love!

Ye who the secret laws of fate explore,  
Alone can tell if he returns no more:  
Or if the hour of future joy remain,  
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!  
Bid ev'ry guardian minister attend,  
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!  
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,  
And urg'd by strong attraction, met again.  
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,  
While tender passion stream'd in either heart;  
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,  
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.

Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,  
 Pensive and pale; of ev'ry joy bereft.  
 She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,  
 While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

*[To those among our Readers who have not read the whole of the Poem, it may be necessary to say, that the Ship was wrecked, and Palemon lost. The following is the Description of the Vessel's striking on a Rock.]*

In vain the chords and axes were prepar'd,  
 For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;  
 High o'er the ship they threw a horrid shade,  
 And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.  
 Uplifted on the surge to heav'n she flies,  
 Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,  
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,  
 Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!  
 Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,  
 And quiv'ring with the wound, in torment reels.  
 So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,  
 The bleeding bull beneath the murd'ers blows—  
 Again she plunges! hark! a second shock  
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!  
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,  
 The fated victims shudd'ring roll their eyes,  
 In wild despair; while yet another stroke,  
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak.  
 Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell  
 The lurking dæmons of destruction dwell,  
 At length afunder torn her frame divides,  
 And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

## THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

BY MR. COWPER.

**F**ORC'D from home and all its pleasures,  
Afric's waste I left forlorn;  
'To increase a stranger's treasures  
O'er the raging billows borne:  
Men from England bought and sold me,  
Paid my price in paltry gold;  
But tho' theirs they have inroll'd me,  
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,  
What are England's rights, I ask,  
Me from my delights to sever,  
Me to torture, me to task?  
Fleecy locks and black complexion,  
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating nature  
Make the plant for which we toil?  
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
Think ye, masters iron-hearted,  
Lolling at your jovial boards,  
Think how many backs have smarted,  
For the sweets your cane affords.



Is there, as you sometimes tell us,  
Is there one who reigns on high?  
Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
Speaking from his throne the sky?  
Ask him if your knotted scourges,  
Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
Are the means which duty urges,  
Agents of his will to use?

Hark, he answers! wild tornadoes  
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Are the voice with which he speaks:  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons should undergo,  
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
Where the whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;  
By the mis'ries that we tasted,  
Crossing in our barks the main:  
By our sufferings since you brought us  
To the man-degrading mart;  
All sustain'd with patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart:

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
Till some reason ye shall find  
Worthier of regard, and stronger  
Than the colour of our kind.  
Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings  
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs;  
Prove that you have human feelings,  
Ere ye proudly question our's.

## THE AFRICAN BOY.

BY THE SAME.

AH! tell me little mournful Moor,  
Why still you linger on the shore?  
Haste to your playmates, haste away,  
Nor loiter here with fond delay;  
When morn unveil'd her radiant eye  
You hail'd me as I wander'd by,  
Returning at th' approach of eve,  
Your meek salute I still receive.  
Benign enquirer, thou shalt know,  
Why here my lonesome moments flow:  
'Tis said thy countrymen (no more  
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)  
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,  
And pay compassion's long arrear.  
'Tis said, the num'rous captive train,  
Late bound by the degrading chain,  
Triumphant come with swelling sails,  
'Mid smiling seas and western gales;  
They come, with festive heart and glee,  
Their hands unshackled—minds as free;  
They come, at mercy's great command,  
To repossess their native land.  
The gales that o'er the ocean stray,  
And chase the waves in gentle play,  
Methinks they whisper as they fly,  
Fuellen soon shall meet thine eye:  
'Tis this that soothes her little son,  
Blends all his wishes into one!

Ah ! were I clasp'd in her embrace,  
I would forgive her past disgrace,  
Forgive the memorable hour,  
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r ;  
Forgive her last distracted air,  
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r ;  
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheeks,  
And last, her agonizing shrieks :  
Lock'd in her hair a ruthless hand,  
Trail'd her along the flinty strand ;  
A ruffian band, with clamours rude,  
The impious spectacle pursued,  
Still as she mov'd in accents mild,  
She cried aloud—my child ! my child !  
The lofty bark she now ascends,  
With screams of woe the air she rends ;  
The vessel less'ning from the shore,  
Her piteous wails I heard no more :  
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,  
Her distant form dissolv'd away.  
That day is past—I cease to mourn—  
Succeeding joy shall have its turn :  
Beside the hoarse resounding deep,  
A pleasing anxious watch I keep ;  
For when the morning cloud shall break,  
And darts of day the darkness streak,  
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,  
Oh ! may this hope not throb in vain,  
To meet these long desiring eyes  
Fuellen and the sun may rise !

## HENRY AND ELIZA, A BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

ELIZA was beyond compare  
The pride of all the plain;  
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,  
Ador'd by ev'ry swain.

Tho' nature had each charm combin'd  
The beauteous maid to grace,  
And bade the sweetness of her mind  
Stand pictur'd in her face:

Yet fortune, from her earliest years,  
A fate disastrous wove;  
And doom'd her to an age of tears,  
For one short hour of love.

In childhood's helpless state bereft  
Of parents' watchful care,  
Her inexperience'd youth was left  
A prey to ev'ry snare.

One only fault the maid possess'd—  
If that a fault we deem—  
A tender, unsuspecting breast,  
Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,  
In wiles that others fear;  
Artless herself, she thought mankind  
Were, like herself, sincere.

## MODERN POEMS.

But ah! ere yet the luckless maid  
Had fifteen summers run,  
Her faith and honor were betray'd—  
Her virtue was undone.

Young Henry, with successful art,  
To win her favor strove,  
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,  
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm,  
With each persuasive pow'r,  
He still'd discretion's kind alarm,  
And cropp'd the virgin flow'r.

Her orphan state, her tender years,  
Her pure unspotted fame,  
Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,  
And fan his lawless flame.

By honor's dictates unrestrain'd,  
By faith nor justice sway'd;  
That confidence his vows obtain'd,  
His perfidy betray'd.

So poor Eliza's hapless fate  
Fill'd Henry's breast with care;  
Nor could the vain parade of state  
Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd  
All wither in their bloom;  
By lawless passion sacrific'd  
Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honor look  
Its author in the face?  
Or how could suff'ring virtue brook  
Investive and disgrace?

No sorrows could afford relief;  
No penitence atone;  
The sigh she gave to other's grief  
She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years  
Unpitying her distress;  
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,  
Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,  
To former friendship cold;  
And left her in affliction's day,  
Uncherish'd, unconsol'd.

So ever thro' the world we find  
Each breast at woe recoils;  
And all the favors of mankind  
But last while fortune smiles.

Too just life's guilty joys t'endure,  
Too weak its thorns to brave;  
No friend but death she could procure,  
No comfort but the grave.

Awhile the Heav'n's forgiveness pray'd  
For errors long confess;  
Then sought the solitary shade,  
And silent sunk to rest.



## MODERN POEMS.

Hard-fortun'd sex! in ev'ry state,  
From custom's rigid pow'r,  
Years of remorse can't expiate  
One inadvertent hour.

Unskill'd in life's precarious way,  
Should love their bosoms burn,  
And yielding nature chance to stray,  
They never can return.

In vain they with repentant sighs  
Their sad experience mourn;  
E'en those who ought to sympathize  
Abandon them with scorn.

Say why, ye virgins, who bestow  
On most compassion's tear;  
The pangs alone yourselves may know  
You thus refuse to chear?

O! rather kindly condescend  
To aid the drooping fair;  
Your mercy with your justice blend,  
And snatch them from despair.

Eliza's death, when Henry heard,  
He gave a piteous groan;  
The censure of the world he fear'd,  
But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,  
Guilt every bliss destroys;  
Intruded on his morning's sports,  
And damp'd his ev'ning joys.

At length with constant grief o'ercome,  
With anguish and dismay,  
He hied him to the lonely tomb  
Which held Eliza's clay.

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,  
Of all existence tir'd,  
He cast his streaming eyes around,  
And mournfully expir'd.

Thus warn'd, ye fair, with caution arm  
'Gainst man's perfidious arts;  
Since youth and beauty vainly charm,  
When honor once departs.

Let Hymen's sacred bands unite  
Where passion is declar'd;  
Give sanction to approv'd delights,  
And authorize regard.

So shall no rankling cares annoy,  
No tears unceasing flow!  
So shall you feel a mother's joy,  
Without a mother's woe.

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### FROM THE FADED BOUQUET,

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

**F**AIR was this blushing rose of May,  
And ev'ry spangled leaf look'd gay;  
Sweet was this primrose of the dale,  
When on its native turf it grew;  
And deck'd with charms this lily pale,  
And rich this violet's purple hue.

This od'rous woodbine fill'd the grove  
With musky gales of balmy pow'r,  
When, with the myrtle interwove,  
It hung luxuriant round my bow'r.

Al! rose ! forgive the hand severe,  
That snatch'd thee from thy scented bed ;  
Where bow'd with many a pearly tear,  
Thy widow'd partner droops its head.

And thou, sweet violet, modest flow'r,  
O take my sad relenting sigh !  
Nor strain the breast whose glowing pow'r,  
With too much fondness, bade thee die.

Sweet lily, had I never gaz'd  
With rapture on your gentle form,  
You might have died, unknown, unprais'd,  
The victim of some ruthless storm.

Inconstant woodbine, wherefore rove  
With gadding stem about my bower ?  
Why, with my darling myrtle wove,  
In bold defiance mock my power ?

Yet, yet, repine not, tho' stern fate  
Hath nipt thy leaves, of varying hue,  
Since all that's lovely, soon or late,  
Shall, sick'ning, fade—and die like you !

THE SUPERANUATED HORSE TO HIS  
MASTER,WHO HAD SENTENCED HIM TO DIE AT THE  
END OF SUMMER.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A ND hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master,  
say?

And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?

A little longer let me live, I pray;

A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it glads me to behold this place,

And house me in this hospitable shed:

It glads me more to see my master's face,

And linger on the spot where I was bred.

For O! to think of what we both enjoy'd,

In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!

Then from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,

My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,

Since first to thee these way-worn limbs I gave;

Sweet, smiling years! when both of us were young,

The kindest master, and the happiest slave!

Ah years, sweet, smiling! now for ever flown!

Ten years, thrice told, alas, are as a day!

Yet, as together we are aged grown,

Together let us wear that age away!

For still the older times are dear to thought,  
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;  
Light were our hearts, and ev'ry season brought  
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Scaring's stream,  
My ready steps were bent to yonder grove,  
Where she who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,  
And I, thy more than messenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,  
And throb'd alternate with its hope and fear,  
Did I not hear thee to thy fair one's arms,  
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say?  
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?  
A little longer let me live I pray;  
A little longer hobble round thy door!

Yet ah! in vain, in vain, for life I plead,  
If nature hath deny'd a longer date:  
Still do not thou behold thy servant bleed,  
Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate.

But O, kind nature! take thy victim's life!  
End thou a servant, feeble, old, and poor!  
So shalt thou save me from th' uplifted knife,  
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

## TO A LADY WITH A RING.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

"**T**HREE, Mary, with this ring I wed:—  
 So sixteen years ago, I said—  
 Behold another ring! "for what?"  
 To wed thee o'er again—why not?

With that *first* ring I married youth,  
 Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;  
 Taste long admir'd; sense long rever'd;  
 And all my Molly *then* appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,  
 Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,  
 I plead that doubled merit now,  
 To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,  
 With ardor as intense and pure,  
 As when amidst the rites divine  
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine)

To thee, sweet girl, my second ring  
 A token and a pledge I bring;  
 With this I wed, till death us part,  
 Thy riper virtues to my heart;

Those virtues, which, before untry'd,  
 The wife has added to the bride;  
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,  
 Endearing wedlock's very name,



My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
 For conscience sake as well as love's.  
 For why? They shew me hour by hour,  
 Honor's high thought, affection's pow'r,  
 Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;  
 And teach me all things but—**REPENTANCE!**

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### MILITARY SONG ON THE FRENCH CHAMPION ROLAND.

TRANSLATED BY DR. BURNEX.

*From his General History of Music.*

**L**ET ev'ry valiant son of Gaul  
 Sing Roland's deeds, her greatest glory,  
 Whose name will stoutest foes appal,  
 And feats inspire for future story.

Roland in childhood had no fears,  
 Was full of tricks nor knew a letter,  
 Which tho' it cost his mother tears,  
 His father cried, "so much the better,  
 "We'll have him for a soldier bred,  
 "His strength and courage let us nourish,  
 "If bold the heart tho' wild the head,  
 "In war he'll but the better flourish."  
 Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland arriv'd at man's estate,  
 Prov'd that his father well admonish'd,  
 For then his prowess was so great  
 That all the world became astonish'd,

## MODERN POEMS.

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Battalions, squadrons, he could break,  
And singly give them such a beating,  
That seeing him, whole armies quake,  
And nothing think of but retreating.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

In single combat 'twas the same;  
To him all foes were on a level,  
For ev'ry one he overcame  
If giant, forc'rer, monster, devil.  
His arm no danger e'er could stay,  
Nor was the goddess fortune fickle,  
For if his foe he did not slay,  
He left him in a rueful pickle.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

In scaling walls with highest glee,  
He first the ladder fix'd, then mounted;  
Let him, my boys our model be,  
Who men or perils never counted.  
At night with scouts he watch would keep,  
With heart more gay than one in million,  
Or else on knapsack sounder sleep,  
Than Gen'ral in his proud pavillion.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,  
And laid about him like a Tartar;  
But if for mercy once they squeak'd,  
He was the first to grant them quarter.  
The battle won, of Roland's soul  
Each milder virtue took possession;  
To vanquish'd foes he, o'er a bowl,  
His heart surrender'd at discretion.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

When ask'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,  
 And dangers new each day solicit,  
 He said 'tis Charlemagne's command,  
 To whom our duty is implicit:  
 His ministers and chosen few,  
 No doubt, have weigh'd these things in private,  
 Let us his enemies subdue  
 'Tis all that soldiers e'er should drive at.  
 Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland like christian true would live,  
 Was seen at mass, and in procession;  
 And freely to the poor would give,  
 Nor did he always shun confession.  
 But bishop Turpin had decreed  
 (His counsel in each weighty matter)  
 That 'twas a good and pious deed  
 His country's foes to drub and scatter.  
 Let ev'ry, &c.

At table Roland ever gay,  
 Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and rattle,  
 But all was in a prudent way  
 On days of guard, or eve of battle.  
 For still to king and country true  
 He held himself their constant debtor,  
 And only drank in season due,  
 When to transact he'd nothing better.  
 Let ev'ry, &c.

To captious blades he ne'er would bend,  
 Who quarrels fought on slight pretences,  
 Tho' he, to social joys a friend,  
 Was slow to give or take offences.

## MODERN POEMS.

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None e'er had cause his arm to dread,  
But those who wrong'd his prince, or nation,  
On whom, whene'er to combat led,  
He dealt out death and devastation,  
Let ev'ry, &c,

Roland too much ador'd the fair,  
From whom e'en heroes are defenceless,  
And by a queen of beauty rare,  
He all at once was render'd senseless.  
One hapless morn she left the knight,  
Who, when he miss'd her, grew quite frantic,  
Our pattern let him be in fight :  
His love was somewhat too romantic,  
Let ev'ry, &c.

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,  
Who Rome's imperial scepter wielded,  
Both early dignity and state  
With high command to Roland yielded.  
Yet tho' a General, Count, and Peer,  
Roland's kind heart all pride could smother,  
For each brave man from van to rear,  
He treated like a friend and brother,  
Let ev'ry, &c.

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### EXTRACT FROM EDWIN AND ELTRUDA, A LEGENDARY POEM.

BY MISS HELEN WILLIAMS.

**T**WAS easy in her looks to trace  
An emblem of her mind :  
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,  
Each gentle grace combin'd,

Soft as the dews of morn arise,  
And on the pale flow'r gleam,  
So soft, so sweet, her melting eyes  
With love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flow'r  
Smiles in the desert vale,  
And blows, its balmy sweets to pour  
Upon the flying gale;

So liv'd in solitude unseen  
This lovely, peerless maid!  
So sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,  
And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet love could pierce the lone recess,  
For there he loves to dwell;  
He scorns the noisy crowd to bless,  
And seeks the lowly cell:

There only his resistless dart  
In all its power is known;  
His empire sways each willing heart;  
They live to love alone.

Edwin, of ev'ry grace possess'd  
First taught her heart to prove  
That gentlest passion of the breast,  
To feel the pow'r of love.

Tho' few the pastures he possess'd,  
Tho' scanty was his store,  
Tho' wealth ne'er swell'd his hoarded chest,  
Edwin could boast of more!

Edwin could boast the lib'ral mind,  
The gen'rous ample heart;  
And ev'ry virtue heav'n inclin'd,  
Or bounty could impart.

The maxims of this servile age,  
The mean, the selfish care,  
The sordid views that now engage  
The mercenary pair,

Whom riches can unite or part,  
To them was all unknown;  
For them the sympathetic heart  
Was link'd by love alone.

They little knew that wealth had pow'r  
To make the constant rove;  
They little knew the splendid dower  
Could add a bliss to love.

They little knew the human breast  
Could pant for sordid ore;  
Or, of a faithful heart possess'd,  
Could ever wish for more.

And tho' her peerless beauty warms  
His heart to love inclin'd;  
Not less he felt the lasting charms,  
The beauties of her mind.

Not less his gentle soul approv'd  
The virtues glowing there;  
For surely virtue, to be lov'd,  
Needs only to appear.



## MODERN POEMS.

The sweets of dear domestic bliss  
 Each circling hour beguil'd ;  
 And meek-eye'd hope, and inward peace  
 On the lone mansion smil'd.

Oft' o'er the daisy-sprinkled mead  
 They wander'd far away,  
 Some lambkin to the fold to lead,  
 That haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,  
 With sadness oft' was wrung,  
 For the bruise'd insect as it fell,  
 Her soft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flow'ry waste  
 A sigh would heave her breast,  
 The while her gentle hand re-plac'd  
 The linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bow'r,  
 And haste with tender care  
 To nurse some pale declining flow'r,  
 Some op'ning blossom rear.

And oft' with eager step she flies  
 To cheer the lonely cot,  
 Where the poor widow pours her sighs,  
 And wails her hapless lot.

The weeping mother's trembling knees  
 Her lisping infants clasp ;  
 Their much imploring look she sees,  
 She feels their tender grasp.

MODERN POEMS.

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Wild throbs her aching bosom swell  
They mark the bursting sigh—  
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)  
They weep, unknowing why—

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,  
And much her tear avails  
To sooth the mourner's bursting heart  
Where feeble utt'rance fails.

On the pale cheek where hung the tear  
Of agonizing woe,  
She bids the gush of joy rise there,  
The tear of rapture flow.

If greater plenty to impart  
She e'er would heav'n implore,  
'Twas only that her ample heart  
Still panted to do more.

Thus soft the gliding moments flew  
(Tho' love would court their stay)  
While some new virtue rose to view,  
And mark'd each fleeting day.

Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,  
Like the poor wand'ring dove,  
Here softly resting found a home,  
And wish'd no more to rove.

The youthful poet's soothing dream  
Of youthful ages past,  
The Muse's fond ideal theme  
Was realiz'd at last!

## LINES BY A LADY,

*On observing some White Hairs on her Lover's Head.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THOU, to whose pow'r reluctantly we bend,  
 Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless time,  
 Alike the dread of lover and of friend,  
 Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime?  
 Already twining, midst my Thyrsis' hair,  
 The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Thro' all her forms tho' nature owns thy sway,  
 That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain;  
 To the last beam of life's declining day,  
 Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.  
 Secure to please, while goodness knows to charm,  
 Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant, when from that lip of crimson glow,  
 Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly;  
 When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,  
 And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;  
 When ruthless age disperses ev'ry grace,  
 Each smile that beams from that enchanting face;

Then thro' her stores shall active memory rove,  
 Teaching each various charm to bloom anew;  
 And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love  
 Shall bend on Thyrsis its delightful view;  
 Still shall he triumph, with resistless pow'r,  
 Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

## ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

*On crowning his Bust with a Wreath of Bays.*

BY THE LATE ROBERT BURNS.

WHILE virgin spring by Eden's flood  
Unfolds her tender mantle green;  
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,  
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While summer, with a matron grace,  
Retreat to Dryburgh's cooling shade,  
Yet oft' delighted, stops to trace  
The progress of the spiky blade :

While autumn, benefactor kind,  
By Tweed erects her aged head,  
And sees with self-approving mind  
Each creature on her bounty fed :

While maniac winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,  
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,  
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,  
While Scotia, with exulting tear,  
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

K

## POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

BY MR. SOUTHEY.

WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-  
fix'd eyes

Seem a heart overcharg'd to express ?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;  
She never complains, but her silence implies  
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,  
Cold and hunger awake not her care :  
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow  
bleak  
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her  
cheek  
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet chearful and happy, nor distant the day,  
Poor Mary the maniac has been ;  
The trav'ler remembers who journey'd this way,  
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her chearful address fill'd the guests with delight,  
As she welcom'd them in with a smile :  
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,  
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd, and young Richard had settled the day,  
 And she hop'd to be happy for life;  
 But Richard was idle and worthless, and they  
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say  
 "That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the  
 night,  
 And fast were the windows and door;  
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,  
 And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,  
 They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire-  
 "side,  
 "To hear the wind whistle without."  
 "A fine night for the abbey," his comrade reply'd.  
 "Methinks a man's courage would now be well  
 "tried,  
 "Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to  
 "hear  
 "The hoarse ivy shake over my head;  
 "And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
 "Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,  
 "For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,  
 "That Mary would venture there now!"  
 "Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he reply'd,  
 "I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
 "And faint if she saw a white cow."



“ Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ? ”  
His companion exclaim’d with a smile ;  
“ I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,  
“ And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough  
“ From the alder that grows in the aisle.”

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,  
And her way to the abbey she bent ;  
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,  
And as hollowly howling it swept thro’ the sky,  
She shiver’d with cold as she went.

O’er the path, so well known, still proceeded the  
maid,  
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight ;  
Thro’ the gateway she enter’d, she felt not afraid,  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seem’d to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howl’d dismally round the old pile ;  
Over weed-cover’d fragments still fearless she pass’d,  
And arriv’d at the innermost ruin at last  
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas’d did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
And hastily gather’d the bough ;  
When the sound of a voice seem’d to rise on her ear—  
She paus’d, and she listen’d, all eager to hear,  
And her heart panted fearfully now.

## MODERN POEMS.

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The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;  
She listen'd—nought else could she hear.  
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with  
dread,  
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,  
She crept to conceal herself there:  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,  
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!  
Again the rough wind hurried by—  
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:  
She fell—and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims; "nay come on,  
"and first hide  
"The dead body," his comrade replies—  
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
And fast thro' the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,  
She gaz'd horribly eager around,  
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen  
no more,  
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
 For a moment the hat met her view;  
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
 For, oh God! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her  
 heart,  
 When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
 His gibbet is now to be seen,  
 Not far from the inn it engages the eye,  
 The trav'ler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh  
 Of poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

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TO A LADY WHO REFUSED TO ACCEPT OF A  
 KNIFE FROM THE WRITER.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY MR. SHERIDAN.

A Knife, dear girl! cuts love, they say;  
 Mere modish love perhaps it may,  
 For any tool, of any kind,  
 Can sep'rate what was never join'd.  
 The knife that cuts our love in two,  
 Will have much tougher work to do;  
 Must cut your softness, worth and spirit,  
 Down to the vulgar size and merit.  
 To level your's with modern taste  
 Must cut a world of sense to waste,  
 And from your single beauty's store  
 Chip what would dizen out a score.  
 The self same blade from me must sever  
 Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever;

All mem'ry of endearments past;  
 All hopes of comfort long to last;  
 All that makes fourteen years with you  
 A summer—and a short one too;  
 All that affection feels and fears,  
 When hours, without you, seem like years—  
 Till that be done (and I'd as soon  
 Believe this knife would cut the moon)  
 Accept my present undeterr'd,  
 And leave all proverbs to the herd.  
 If in a kiss (delicious treat)  
 Your lips acknowledge the receipt,  
 Love, fond of such substantial fare,  
 And fond to play the glutton there,  
 All thoughts of cutting will disdain,  
 Save only cut, and come again.

---

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARIA  
 BRADSHAW,

AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED IN THE  
 TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HER AGE.

BY MRS. MOODY.

**C**OME sacred muse, thine aid supply;  
 Come chase the tear from sorrow's eye,  
 Inscribe yon urn with soothing rhyme,  
 Where youth lies mould'ring in its prime.

Tho' death thus fades that virgin bloom,  
 And bids it wither in the tomb;  
 The gloomy path her steps have trod,  
 Conducts Maria to her God.

On seraph wings religion came,  
 To strengthen nature's feeble frame;  
 Submission in her hand she led,  
 Resign'd Maria bow'd her head.

Support, each heav'n-born virtue gave  
 To guide her thro' the dreary grave;  
 Each christian grace prepared the way,  
 And turn'd its darkness into day.

Angels, impatient with desire  
 To join her to her fainted choir,  
 Watch'd the pale minister of death,  
 And eager caught her parting breath.

Methinks thus chants the heavenly train;—

“ Maria dead—now lives again.

“ Trace her ye mourners in the sky,

“ Enrob'd with immortality.

“ Exalted there by faith and truth,

“ In radiance of celestial youth;

“ With harp symphonious in her hands,

“ Behold your angel sister stands.”

### SONNET.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

**T**HE chilling gale that nips the rose,  
 Now murmur'ing sinks to soft repose;  
 The shadowy vapours sail away,  
 Upon the silv'ry floods of day;  
 Health breathes on ev'ry face I see,  
 But, ah! she breathes no more on me!  
 The woodbine wafts in odours meek  
 To kiss the rose's glowing cheek;

Pale twilight sheds her vagrant show'rs  
To wake Aurora's infant flow'rs :  
May smiles on ev'ry face I see,  
But, ah! she smiles no more on me!

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom  
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,  
Fate may direct a daughter's eye  
To where my mould'ring reliques lie;  
And, touch'd by sacred sympathy,  
That eye may drop a tear for me!

Betray'd by love; of hope bereft;  
No gentle gleam of comfort left;  
Bow'd by the hand of sorrow low;  
No pitying friend to weep my woe;  
Save her, who, spar'd by heav'n's decree,  
Shall live to sigh, and think on me!

Oh! I would wander where no ray  
Breaks thro' the gloom of doubtful day;  
There would I court the wintry hour,  
The ling'ring dawn, the midnight show'r;  
For cold and comfortless shall be  
Each future scene—ordain'd for me!

---

### ON THE DEITY.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

I Read God's awful name emblazon'd high  
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;  
Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree



In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze  
 I hear the voice of God among the trees.  
 With thee in shady solitude I walk,  
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk;  
 In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,  
 In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul:  
 Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,  
 Secure within the temple of thine arms,  
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
 And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye;  
 When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,  
 I stand and stretch my view to either state;  
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene  
 With decent triumph, and a look serene;  
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
 And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

---

### TRANSLATION OF A POEM OF HALLER.

FROM CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, &c.

**A**H! woods for ever dear, whose branches spread  
 Their verdant arch o'er Hasel's breezy head,  
 When shall I once again, supinely laid,  
 Hear Philomela charm your list'ning shade;  
 When shall I stretch my careless limbs again,  
 Where, gently rising from the velvet plain,

O'er the green hills, in easy curve that bend,  
 The mossy carpet nature's hands extend,  
 Where all is silent! save the gales that move  
 The leafy umbrage of the whisp'ring grove;  
 Or the soft murmurs of the riv'let's wave,  
 Whose chearing streams the lonely meadows lave.

O heav'n! when shall once more these eyes be cast  
 On scenes where all my spring of life was pass'd,  
 Where oft responsive to the fallen rill,  
 Sylvia and love my artless lays would fill.  
 While zephyr's fragrant breeze, soft breathing, stole  
 A pleasing sadness o'er my pensive soul.  
 Care, and her ghastly train, were far away;  
 While calm, beneath the shelt'ring woods, I lay  
 'Mid shades, impervious to the beams of day.

Here—sad reverse! from scenes of pleasure far,  
 I wage with sorrow unremitting war:  
 Oppress'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,  
 Nor aught of joy, or aught of quiet know.  
 Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,  
 From parents far, an outcast of the earth!  
 In youth's warm hours, from each restriction free,  
 Left to myself in dang'rous liberty.

Now pale disease shoots thro' my languid frame,  
 And checks the zeal for wisdom and for fame.  
 Now droops fond hope, by disappointment cross'd,  
 Chill'd by neglect, each sanguine wish is lost.  
 O'er the weak mound stern ocean's billows ride,  
 And wast destruction in with ev'ry tide;  
 While Mars, descending from his crimson car,  
 Fans with fierce hands the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let consolation lend ;  
 All human evils hasten to thine end.  
 The storm abates at ev'ry gust it blows ;  
 Past ills enhance the comforts of repose.  
 He who ne'er felt the pressure of distress,  
 Ne'er felt returning pleasure's keen excess.  
 Time, who affliction bore on rapid wing,  
 My panting heart to happiness may bring.  
 I, on my native hills, may yet en hale  
 The purer influence of the ambient gale.  
 Ah ! scenes of early joy ! ah ! much lov'd shades !  
 Soon may my footsteps tread your vernal glades.  
 Ah ! should kind heav'n permit me to explore  
 Your seats of still tranquillity once more !  
 E'en now to fancy's visionary eye,  
 Hope shews the flatt'ring hour of transport nigh.  
 Blue shines the æther when the storm is pass'd ;  
 And calm repose succeeds to sorrow's blast.  
 Flourish, ye scenes of ever new delight !  
 Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd sight !  
 While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet  
 Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

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## THE ROSE.

BY COWPER.

**T**HE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a  
 show'r,  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;  
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 As it seem'd to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was  
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;  
 And swinging it rudely—too rudely—alas!  
 I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile—  
 And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,  
 May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.

## TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING THE WORLD.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

**G**O, now, ingenuous youth! The trying hour  
 Is come: the world demands that thou  
 should'st go

To active life: there titles, wealth and pow'r,  
 May all be purchas'd—yet I joy to know  
 Thou wilt not pay their price. The base controul  
 Of petty despots in their pedant reign

Already hast thou felt ;—and high disdain  
 Of tyrants is imprinted on thy soul—  
 Not where mistaken glory in the field  
 Rears her red banner, be thou ever found ;  
 But, against proud oppression raise the shield  
 Of patriot daring—so shalt thou renown'd  
 For the best virtues *live* ; or, that denied,  
 May'st die as Hampden, or as Sydney died :

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### THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

**H**ARD by the road where, on that little mound,  
 The high grass rustles to the passing breeze,  
 The child of misery rests her head in peace.  
 Pause there in sadness. That unhallow'd ground  
 Inshrines what once was Isabel. Sleep on,  
 Sleep on, poor outcast !—Lovely was thy cheek,  
 And thy mild eye was eloquent to speak  
 The soul of pity. Pale, and woe begone,  
 Soon did thy fair cheek fade, and thine eye weep  
 The tear of anguish for the babe unborn,  
 The helpless heir of poverty and scorn.  
 She drank the draught that chill'd her soul to  
 sleep.  
 I pause, and wipe the big drop from mine eye,  
 Whilst the proud Levite scowls, and passes by.

## TO MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE.

TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AND I was once like this! That glowing  
cheek

Was mine; those pleasure sparkling eyes, that brow,  
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze  
Dies o'er the sleeping surface! Twenty years  
Have wrought strange alteration! of the friends  
Who once so dearly priz'd this miniature,  
And lov'd it for its likeness, some are gone  
To their last home; and some, estrang'd in heart,  
Beholding me with quick averted glance,  
Pass on the other side; but still these hues  
Remain unalter'd, and these features wear  
The look of infancy and innocence.  
I search myself in vain, and find no trace  
Of what I was: those lightly arching lines,  
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that mild face  
Settled in these strong lineaments!

## ON AURELIA'S BLUSHING.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

SAY, gentle spirit! hast thou seen,  
When the sun darts o'er ocean low,  
And sudden bursts on heav'n's wide scene,  
The warm, the radiating glow?—



Say, hast thou seen the opal white,  
 First when no ray its breast illumines,  
 Then flashing on some rapid light,  
 What blooming brilliance it assumes?

And hast thou seen an ebon cloud,  
 From which the rainy torrents flow,  
 When Phœbus casts away his shroud,  
 Gleam with the orience of the bow?

And hast thou seen, when turtles coo,  
 Their varying bosoms swiftly flush?  
 Shoot from the pale and dusky blue,  
 To mingle colour's boundless blush?

O! if thou hast, thou'lt guess the grace,  
 The rich suffusion, beaming light,  
 When on Aurelia's lovely face,  
 The blush first kindles to the sight.

### THE FOREST BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

**A**MONG all the lads of the plough or the fold,  
 Best esteem'd by the sober and good,  
 Was Will of the woodlands; and often the old  
 Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold  
 Was William, the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he, as the breath of the May,  
 And when sick and declining was laid,  
 The woodman his father, young William away  
 Would go to the forest to labour all day,  
 And perform his hard task in his stead.

And when his poor father, the forester, died,  
And his mother was sad, and alone,  
He toil'd from the dawn, and at ev'ning he hied,  
In storm or in snow, or whate'er might betide,  
To supply all her wants from the town.

One neighbour they had on the heath, to the west,  
And no other the cottage was near,  
But she would send Phœbe, the child she lov'd best,  
To stay with the widow, thus sad and distress'd,  
Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of wild roses, the cheeks of the maid  
Were just tinted with youth's lovely hue,  
Her form like the aspen, wild graces display'd,  
And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks stray'd,  
As the skies of the summer were blue!

— — — — —

At the town was a market—and now for supplies,  
Such as needed her humble abode,  
Young William went forth; and his mother with  
sighs  
Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,  
Till he turn'd thro' the fields, to the road.

Then darkness came on; and she heard with affright  
The wind ev'ry moment more high;  
She look'd from the door; not a star lent its light,  
But the tempest redoubled the gloom of the night,  
And the rain pour'd in sheets from the sky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told

The hours, that went heavily on ;

'Twas midnight ; her spirits sunk hopeless and cold,  
And it seem'd as each blast of wind fearfully told,  
That long, long, would her William be gone.

Then heart-sick and cold, to her sad bed she crept,  
Yet first made up the fire in the room  
To guide his dark steps ; but she listen'd and wept,  
Or if for a moment, forgetful she slept,  
Soon she started—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn ; and the wind with a hoarse fullen  
moan,

Now seem'd dying away in the wood,  
When the poor wretched mother still drooping, alone,  
Beheld on the threshold a figure unknown,  
In gorgeous apparel who stood.

" Your son is a soldier," abruptly cried he,  
" And a place in our corps has obtain'd ;  
" Nay, be not cast down ; you perhaps may soon see  
" Your William a captain ! he now sends by me  
" The purse he already has gain'd."

So William entrapp'd, 'twixt persuasion and force,  
Is embark'd for the isles of the West ;  
But he seem'd to begin with ill omens his course,  
And felt recollection, regret, and remorse,  
Continually weigh on his breast.

With useless repentance he eagerly ey'd  
The coast as it faded from view,  
And saw the green hills, on whose northernmost side  
Was his own sylvan home : and he falter'd and cried,  
" Adieu ! ah ! for ever adieu !

" Who, now, my poor mother, thy life shall sustain,  
" Since thy son has thus left thee forlorn?

" Ah! canst thou forgive me? And not in the pain  
" Of this cruel desertion, of William complain,  
" And lament that he ever was born?

" Sweet Phœbe!—if ever thy lover was dear,  
" Now forsake not the cottage of woe;  
" But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,  
" And help her to dry up the vain fruitless tear,  
" That too long for my absence will flow.

" Yet what if my Phœbe another should wed,  
" And lament her lost William no more?"  
The thought was too cruel; and anguish now sped  
The dart of disease—with the brave num'rous dead  
He has fall'n on the plague-tainted shore.

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall  
near,

High grass now waves over the spot,  
Where the mother of William, unable to bear  
His loss, who to her widow'd heart was so dear,  
Has both him and her sorrows forgot!

By the brook, where it winds thro' the wood of  
Arbeal;

Or amid the deep forest, to moan,  
The poor wand'ring Phœbe will silently steal;  
The pain of her bosom no reason can heal,  
And she loves to indulge it alone.

Her senses are injur'd; her eyes dim with tears;  
She sits by the river and weaves  
Reed garlands, against her dear William appears,  
Then breathlessly listens, and fancies she hears  
His step in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah such are the mis'ries to which ye give birth,  
 Ye statesmen! ne'er dreading a scar;  
 Who from pictur'd saloon, or the bright sculptur'd  
 hearth,  
 Disperse desolation and death through the earth,  
 When ye let loose the demons of war.

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### TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF  
 MEMORY.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers  
 The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.  
 Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's:  
 Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,  
 She wins assurance from his soothing voice;  
 And, with a look the pencil could not trace,  
 Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!  
 To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!  
 To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim;  
 Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,  
 From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh:  
 A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;  
 And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!  
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend!  
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,  
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought!  
That hand shall strew each flinty path with  
flow'rs;  
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,  
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

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## SONNET TO MELANCHOLY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

**W**HEN latest Autumn spreads her ev'ning  
veil,  
And the grey mists from these dim waves arise,  
I love to listen to the hollow sighs  
Thro' the half leafless wood that breathes the gale.  
For at such hours the shadowy phantom, pale,  
Oft seems to glide before the poet's eyes;  
Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melodies,  
As of night-wand'ers, who their woes bewail.  
Here, by his native stream, at such an hour,  
Pity's own OTWAY, I methinks could meet,  
And hear his deep sighs swell the sadden'd wind.  
Oh Melancholy!—such thy magic pow'r,  
That to the soul those dreams are often sweet,  
And soothe the pensive visionary mind.



## SONNET.

ANONYMOUS.

**I** Saw a crystal stream glide swiftly by,  
 And many a bubble on its breast it bore,  
 Which quickly bursting, vanish'd from my eye,  
 And scarcely was created, ere no more.

I saw the western sky with gold o'erspread,  
 Glowing with purple and with crimson bright;  
 A minute pass'd—and ev'ry tint was fled  
 And lost, and blended with oblivious Night.

On thee, O wretched man, my thought was turn'd;  
 For thee th' involuntary tear did flow:  
 Thy fleeting happiness I inly mourn'd;  
 For ah! by sad experience well I know,  
 Life's fairest views are but an airy dream,  
 Frail as the transient cloud, or bubble on the stream.

## THREE BLACK CROWS.

BY MR. BYRON.

**T**WO honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,  
 One took the other, briskly, by the hand;  
 Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this  
 About the crows!—I don't know what it is,  
 Replied his friend—No! I'm surpris'd at that;  
 Where I come from it is the common chat;

But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!  
 And that it happen'd, they are all agreed:  
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,  
 A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,  
 This week, in short, as all the *alley* knows,  
 Taking a puke has thrown up *three black crows*.

Impossible!—Nay but it's really true;  
 I have it from good hands, and so may you—  
 From whose, I pray?—So having nam'd the man,  
 Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.  
 Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—  
 Yes, Sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,  
 Ask Mr. such-a-one, he told it me,  
 But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*—

Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,  
 Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.  
 Sir,—and so forth—Why yes; the thing is fact,  
 Tho' in regard to number not exact;  
 It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,  
 The truth of *that* you may depend upon.  
 The gentleman himself told me the case—  
 Where may I find him?—Why in such a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,  
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—  
 Then to his last informant he refer'd,  
 And beg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard;  
 Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?—NOT I—  
 Bless me! how people propagate a lie!  
 Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two, and*  
*one*;  
 And here I find all comes at last to *none*!

Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all*?  
 Crow—Crow—perhaps I might, now I recall  
 The matter over—And, pray Sir, what was't?—  
 Why I was *borrid* sick, and, at the last,  
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,  
 Something that was—*as black*, Sir, as a crow.

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TO THE MEMORY OF DR. STONE-  
 HOUSE'S LADY.

BY MISS HANNAH MOORE.

**C**OME, Resignation! wipe the human tear,  
 Domestic anguish drops o'er virtue's bier,  
 Bid selfish sorrow hush the fond complaint,  
 Nor from the God she lov'd detain the saint.

Truth, meekness, patience, honour'd shade! were  
 thine,  
 And holy hope, and charity divine:  
 Tho' these thy forfeit being could not save,  
 Thy faith subdu'd the terrors of the grave.  
 Oh! if thy living excellence could teach,  
 Death has a loftier emphasis of speech:  
 In death thy last, best lesson still impart,  
 And write, **PREPARE TO DIE!** on ev'ry heart.

## ELEGY WRITTEN AT SEA.

FROM CASPAFINA'S LETTERS.

"**H**EAUV'N gave the word"—Delia! once more  
farewel!

Ah me! how fleeting all our joys are found!  
The pangs thy tender heart can tell,  
For pangs like mine that tender heart must wound.

Snatch'd from thy arms, to distant lands I roam,  
And face the horrors of the howling sea,  
Far from my long-lov'd friends and native home,  
And far, my Delia! ah! too far from thee.

No more thy pleasing converse cheers my soul,  
And smooths my passage thro' life's rugged way;  
Thy smiles no more my wonted cares controul,  
And give new glories to the golden day.

No more with thee I hail th' approach of dawn,  
And hand in hand the varied landscape rove,  
Where soft'ring gales invest the dew-bright lawn,  
Unlock the garden's sweets, or fan the grove.

With notes accordant to thy skilful tongue,  
No more I seek my doric reed to tune;  
No more the tender melody prolong,  
And chide the envious hours that fleet too soon.

When sinks in ocean's bed the source of light,  
And darkness drear his raven pinion spreads,  
Chearless and lone I pass the ling'ring night,  
With thoughts congenial to its deepest shades.

Unless, perchance, my weary watchful eyes  
 Sleep's balmy charm no longer can refuse,  
 Then swift to thee my soul unfetter'd flies,  
 And each past scene of tenderness renews.

With all that winning grace I see thee move,  
 That first endear'd thy yielding heart to mine,  
 When, soften'd by the flame of virtuous love,  
 I led thee blushing to the hallow'd shrine.

I see thee too, thou partner of my heart,  
 With all a mother's tender feelings blest,  
 The frequent glance, the kiss, the tear impart,  
 And press the smiling infant to thy breast.

Eager I haste a parent's joy to share—  
 My bosom bounds with raptures felt before:  
 But swift the soothing vision sinks in air,  
 Winds howl around and restless billows roar.

Ev'n now, whilst prompted by the pleasing past,  
 In artless numbers flows this pensive lay,  
 The tott'ring vessel quivers with the blast,  
 And angry clouds obscure the cheerful day.

Yet why repine?—my anxious breast, be still!  
 No human bliss is free from foul alloy;  
 But what at present bears the face of ill,  
 May end in smiling peace and lasting joy.

Soon may that Pow'r supreme, whose dread com-  
 mand  
 Can still the tumults of the raging main,  
 Thro' paths of danger with unerring hand,  
 Guide me to thee and happiness again.

In him, my Delia, then thy trust repose:  
'Tis he alone the joyless bosom cheers;  
He soothes, when absent, all our heart-felt woes,  
At home our soft domestic scene endears.

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## THE THREE WARNINGS.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground,  
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale:  
When sports went round and all were gay,  
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room,  
And looking grave—"You must," says he,  
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."  
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?  
With you?' the hapless husband cried:  
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:



My thoughts on other matters go:  
 This is my wedding-night, you know.  
 What more he urg'd I have not heard,  
 His reasons could not well be stronger;  
 So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
 And left to live a little longer.  
 Yet calling up a serious look,  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
 "Neighbour," he said, "farewel; no more  
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:  
 And farther, to avoid all blame  
 Of cruelty upon my name,  
 To give you time for preparation,  
 And fit you for your future station,  
 Three several Warnings you shall have,  
 Before you're summon'd to the grave:  
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
 And grant a kind reprieve;  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But, when I call again this way,  
 Well pleas'd the world will leave."  
 To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.  
 What next the hero of our tale befel,  
 How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursued his course,  
 And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,  
 The willing muse shall tell:  
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,  
 Nor thought of Death as near;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace :  
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
 While thus along Life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
 Brought on his eightieth year.  
 And now, one night, in musing mood,  
 As all alone he sate,  
 Th' unwelcome messenger of fate  
 Once more before him stood.  
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 ' So soon return'd ! ' old Dobson cries,  
 " So soon d'ye call it ? " Death replies,  
 " Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !  
 Since I was here before  
 'Tis six and thirty years at least,  
 And you are now fourscore."  
 ' So much the worse, the clown rejoin'd ;  
 To spare the aged would be kind :  
 However, see your search be legal ;  
 And your authority—is't regal ?  
 Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
 With but a Secretary's warrant.  
 Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,  
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !  
 But for that loss of time and ease,  
 I can recover damages.'  
 " I know," cries Death, " that at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at least :  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable ;

Your years have run to a great length;  
 I wish you joy tho' of your strength!"  
 'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!  
 I have been lame these four years past.'

"And no great wonder," Death replies;  
 "However you still keep your eyes;  
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends."

'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,  
 But latterly I've lost my sight.'

"This is a shocking story, faith;  
 Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:  
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
 I warrant you hear all the news."

'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,  
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'

"Nay, then!" the spectre stern rejoin'd,  
 These are unjustifiable yearnings;  
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
 You've had your Three sufficient Warn-  
 ings.

So come along, no more we'll part:"  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart;  
 And now, old Dobson turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

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## THE RURAL PAIR.

ANONYMOUS.

**W**HERE confluent torrents join their stream,  
 that flow  
 Hoarsely adown yon steepy mountain's brow,  
 Behold a spot! embrown'd with lofty trees,  
 Whose foliage quivers to the gentle breeze:

Near it a cottage stands, mean and obscure,  
Its turfy sides with shaggy moss grown o'er.  
No dorick frieze adorns the humble roof;  
'Tis warmly thatch'd—and 'gainst the tempest proof.  
The honest tenant of that lowly shed,  
Tho' doom'd to toil from day to day for bread,  
Is greatly rich:—His soul feels pure content,  
His deeds are noble, and his life well spent;  
Betime he seeks repose, betime awakes,  
And plods to labour ere the morning breaks:  
No cares corroding rankle in his breast,  
He sips the transport of unenvied rest,  
And is in humble virtue truly blest. }  
Loving and lov'd—join'd to a tender wife,  
Chearful he treads the rugged maze of life,  
Bends with submission to Heav'n's awful will,  
And thanks the pow'r that shelters him from ill.  
But lo, the Dame! how lovely is her mien:  
There virtue speaks, there piety is seen;  
There rural innocence, and artless ease  
Live to delight, to animate and please.  
Around her steps attend a smiling train  
Of beauteous babes, some favour to obtain:  
With all the prudence of maternal love  
She forms their manners, early as they move,  
Listens with kind indulgence to each moan,  
And feeds their lips while she neglects her own;  
From their young minds disperses error's gloom,  
And tends their infant virtues till they bloom.

So the fair oak that overhangs the vale  
Guards the young sapling from the blasting gale;  
With outspread arms affords a tender shade,  
And gives to rising nature, nature's aid.

## A FAREWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF  
MEMORY.

ONCE more, enchanting girl, adieu!  
I must be gone, while yet I may;  
Oft' shall I weep to think on you;  
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,  
For ever shifting, yet the same;  
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace,  
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,  
One little lock of those so blest,  
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,  
And on your white neck love to rest.

Say, when to kindle soft delight  
That hand has chanc'd with mine to meet,  
How could its thrilling touch excite  
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet.

Oh say—but no—it must not be—  
Adieu! enchanting girl, adieu!—  
Yet still, methinks you frown on me;  
Or never could I fly from you.

## FROM AN ODE TO MEDITATION.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SWEET child of reason! maid serene!  
With folded arms and pensive mien,  
Who, wand'ring near yon thorny wild,  
So oft' my length'ning hours beguil'd,  
How oft' with thee I've stroll'd unseen  
O'er the lone valley's velvet green!  
And brush'd away the twilight dew  
That stain'd the cowslip's golden hue;  
Oft', as I ponder'd o'er the scene,  
Would mem'ry picture to my heart  
How full of grief my days have been!  
How swiftly rapt'rous hours depart;  
Then would'st thou sweetly reasoning say—  
“Time journeys thro' the roughest day.”

The hermit, from the world retir'd,  
By calm religion's voice inspir'd,  
Tells how serenely time glides on,  
From crimson morn till setting sun;  
Within his breast nor sorrows mourn,  
Nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;  
No jealous fears, or boundless joys,  
The tenor of his mind destroys.  
He blesses Heav'n's benign decree,  
That gave my days to peace and thee.

The gentle maid, whose roseate bloom  
Fades fast within a cloyster's gloom;  
Far by relentless fate remov'd  
From all her youthful fancy lov'd;



Led by thy downy hand, she strays  
 Along the green dell's tangled maze;  
 Where, thro' dank leaves, the whisp'ring  
     show'rs

Awake to life the fainting flow'rs.  
 Absorb'd by thee, she hears no more  
 The distant torrent's fearful roar;  
 The well-known vesper's silver tone;  
 The bleak wind's desolating moan;  
 No more she weeps at fate's decree,  
 But yields her pensive soul to thee.

The sage, whose palsey'd head bends low  
 'Midst scatter'd locks of silv'ry snow;  
 Still by his mind's clear lustre tells  
 What warmth within his bosom dwells;  
 How glows his heart with treasur'd lore,  
 How rich in wisdom's boundless store!  
 He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam  
 With resignation's fainted beam;  
 And, as the weeping star of morn  
 Sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,  
 His tear benign calm comfort throws  
 O'er rugged life's corroding woes;  
 His pious soul's enlighten'd rays  
 Dart forth to gild his wintry days;  
 He smiles serene at Heav'n's decree,  
 And his last hour resigns to thee.

Oft' my full heart to thee hath flown,  
 And wept for mis'ries not its own;  
 Oft' have I sunk upon thy breast,  
 And lull'd my weary mind to rest;  
 Till I have own'd the blest decree,  
 That gave my soul to peace and thee.

## TO AN AMIABLE GIRL.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

MIRANDA! mark, where shrinking from the  
gale,  
Its silken leaves yet moist with early dew,  
That faint fair flower, the lily of the vale,  
Droops its meek head, and looks; methinks, like  
you!

Wrapp'd in a shadowy veil of tender green,  
Its snowy bells a soft perfume dispense,  
And bending as reluctant to be seen,  
In simple loveliness it soothes the sense.  
With bosom bar'd to meet the garish day,  
The glaring tulip, gaudy, undismay'd,  
Offends the eye of taste; that turns away  
To seek the lily in her fragrant shade.  
With such unconscious beauty, pensive, mild,  
Miranda charms—nature's soft, modest child.

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THE SAILOR—AN ELEGY.BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF  
MEMORY.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets blueely fade;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime;  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;  
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;  
This, the last wish with which its warmth could  
part,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the  
wave;

When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whisper sweet hope to soothe his troubl'd soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain forest, waving wide;  
Where dusky youths, in painted plumage rove,  
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last, he comes with crowded sail!  
Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!  
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;  
Soon thro' the whitening surge he sprung to land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

## VERSES ON A TEAR.

BY THE SAME.

OH! that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—  
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
In thee the rays of virtue shine;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!  
Who ever flyst to bring relief,  
When first she feels the rude controul  
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age;  
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,  
In reason's philosophic page.

## THE THRESHER.

BY COWPER.

**B**ETWEEN the upright shafts of those tall  
elms

We may discern the Thresher at his task.  
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,  
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls  
Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff.  
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist  
Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.  
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,  
And sleep not : see him sweating o'er his bread  
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,  
But soften'd into mercy ; made the pledge  
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

## CRAZY KATE.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HERE often wanders one, whom better days  
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd  
With lace, and hat with splendid ribband bound.  
A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
Her fancy follow'd him thro' foaming waves  
To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy, too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,

And dream of transports she was not to know.  
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death—  
 And never smil'd again! and now she roams  
 The dreary waste; there spends the live-long day,  
 And there, unless when charity forbids,  
 The live-long night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown  
 More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal  
 A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.  
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,  
 Tho' press'd with hunger oft', or comelier clothes,  
 Tho' pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate is craz'd.

---

### THE PETIT MAITRE PARSON.

BY THE SAME.

**I** VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose  
 life,  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
 To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.  
 But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;  
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;  
 But rare at home; and never at his books,  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;



Constant at routs, familiar with a round  
 Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor;  
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,  
 And well-prepared, by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love of world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure; a slave  
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride:  
 From such apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands  
 On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

---

### THE GOOD PREACHER.

(A CONTRAST TO THE PRECEDING.)

BY THE SAME.

**W**OULD I describe a Preacher, such as Paul,  
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and  
 own—

Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;  
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,  
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture; much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men,

Behold the picture'—Is it like?—like whom?  
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;  
Cry—hem; and, reading what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!

---

## TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

SWEET flow'r's! that from your humble beds  
Thus prematurely dare to rise,  
And trust your unprotected heads  
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies;

Retire, retire! these tepid airs  
Are not the genial brood of May;  
That sun with light malignant glares,  
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past—  
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,  
On icy pinions comes the blast,  
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!  
But I will shield you; and supply  
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,  
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray  
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,  
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;  
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know  
What worth, what goodness there reside,  
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,  
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has lib'ral nature join'd  
Her riches to the stores of art,  
And added to the vig'rous mind,  
The soft, the sympathising heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray  
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,  
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;  
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think—that fragrant bed  
Might I but hope with you to share—  
Years of anxiety repaid,  
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live  
Your little day; and when ye die,  
Sweet flowers, the grateful muse shall give  
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,  
Mix with the dust from whence I came,  
Without a friend to weep my fate,  
Without a stone to tell my name.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE  
PRECEDING.

BY THE SAME.

I Wish I was where Anna lies ;  
For I am sick of ling'ring here,  
And every hour Affection cries,  
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could ! For when she died  
I lost my all ; and life has prov'd  
Since that sad hour a dreary void,  
A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,  
Shall duly to her grave repair,  
And pluck the ragged moss away,  
And weeds that have no " business there ?"

And who with pious hand shall bring  
The flow'rs she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,  
And violets that unheeded spring,  
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?

And who, while mem'ry loves to dwell  
Upon her name for ever dear,  
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,  
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it ; and would fate allow,  
Should visit still, should still deplore—  
But health and strength have left me now,  
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

## MODERN POEMS.

Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,  
 The last I offer at thy shrine ;  
 Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,  
 And all thy mem'ry fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,  
 Thy voice that might with music vie,  
 Thy air, that ev'ry gazer took,  
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,  
 Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,  
 Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,  
 Thy gay good-humour—Can they “ fade ! ”

---

 A WISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF  
 MEMORY.

**M**INE be a cot, beside the hill ;  
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft', beneath my thatch,  
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
 Oft' shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew ;  
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heav'n,

---

## ON HER BROTHER'S VIOLIN.

BY THE LATE MRS. SHERIDAN.

"SWEET instrument of him for whom I mourn,  
Tuneful companion of my Lycid's hours,  
How liest thou now neglected and forlorn!  
What skilful hand shall now call forth thy pow'rs?

Ah! none like his can reach those liquid notes,  
So soft, so sweet, so eloquently clear,  
To live beyond the touch, and gently float  
In dying modulations on the ear."

Thus o'er my Lycid's lyre as I complain'd,  
And kiss'd the strings where he was wont to play,  
While yet in pensive sadness I remain'd,  
Methought it sigh'd, and sighing seem'd to say,

"Ah! me forlorn, forsaken, now no more  
Shall fame and just applause around me wait;  
No power my gentle Master can restore,  
And I, alas! will share his hapless fate.

Fled is that spirit, chill'd that youthful fire,  
Which taught those strains with harmony replete,  
And cold that hand which only can inspire  
My senseless form to utter sounds so sweet.



Those sounds melodious ne'er again shall please,  
 No tuneful strain from me shall ever flow;  
 Save o'er my trembling strings a sighing breeze,  
 To call one sad, soft note of tender woe.

Else, ah! for ever mute let me remain,  
 Unstrung, untun'd, forgotten let me be;  
 Guard me from curious eye; and touch prophane,  
 And let me rest in mournful sympathy!

One fate with thee, dear master, let me share;  
 Like thee in silent darkness let me lie!  
 My frame without thee is not worth my care,  
 With thee alone it liv'd, with thee shall die!"

---

### HER BROTHER'S LYRE TO MRS. SHERIDAN.

BY MR. PRATT.

**T**HIS said—a solemn silence breath'd around,  
 Cecilia wept upon her Lycid's lyre,  
 The pensive breeze then gave a sighing sound,  
 And the strings seem'd to tremble and expire.

One hollow murmur like the dying moan,  
 Was heard to vibrate then with pauses slow,  
 From the sad instrument, when thus the tone  
 Gave modulations of a softer woe:

"Cease, beauteous mourner! partner of my grief!  
 Tuneful associate of my lost despair,  
 Thou, only thou, canst bring this breast relief;  
 Thy sympathy alone can soothe my care.

What thought—ah, stroke severe ! our Lycid's dead,  
Nor more, alas ! can ravish mortal ear ;  
What though the soul of melody is fled,  
His blest attendant to th' harmonious sphere ;

Struck by Cecilia's hand I yet may live ;  
Her magic touch again can tune my frame ;  
Her cherub voice my spirit yet revive,  
And sounds of heav'nly sorrow grace my fame.

But should not dulcet song, nor music's art,  
Nor social sighs which mourn the youth we love,  
Have pow'r to heal the sister's wounded heart,  
Nor to these chords forlorn a solace prove :

Ah ! still together let our sorrows join,  
And this sad form yet boast thy gentle aid ;  
Lycid's companion sure should still be thine ;  
Still should'st thou kiss the strings where he has  
play'd."

---

## THE GIPSY.

BY E. I. BRAY.

THE village with the gloomy shade  
Of even-tide embrown'd,  
Is still ; no more with rural songs  
The peaceful cots resound.

A Gipsy, shiv'ring with the cold,  
And having lost her way,  
Knocks at young William's lowly door,  
And begs the night to stay.

William, who pity'd the distress'd,  
And to the poor was kind,  
Unhappily, had lately lost  
His former peace of mind :

Yet the benighted wanderer  
He with a smile receiv'd ;  
For those who were oppress'd with woe,  
Ne'er left him unreliev'd.

He added fuel to his fire,  
The frugal board he spread :  
And with a look of sad despair,  
Unto the Gipsy said :

“ Know, welcome guest, my heart's a prey  
To woe and deadly grief ;  
And much I dread I ne'er shall find  
Or solace or relief.

The beauteous Anna, charming maid !  
I love with tend'rest flame ;  
And late, with purest passion warm'd,  
I to my Anna came.

Where, near the river's murmur'ing stream,  
We us'd so oft' to meet ;  
And thought the envious moments pass'd,  
As the swift waves, too fleet.

Anna, at length, with ling'ring step,  
And clouded face arriv'd ;  
To clothe her cheek with wonted smiles  
An sparkling joy, I striv'd.

In vain I vow'd eternal love,  
I tried my skill in vain;  
For Anna, with a constant frown,  
Repuls'd her angry swain.

I tried to clasp her to my breast,  
She tore herself away:  
And never would she see my face  
From that unhappy day!

Now soothe a wretched lover's pain  
By thy foretelling pow'r;  
And say, what was the unknown cause  
Of that unlucky hour?

Tell me, if I may hope to live,  
Or if I'm doom'd to die?—  
The Gipsy heard th' afflicted youth,  
And answer'd with a sigh:

“ I know thy Anna is unkind,  
The reason too I know:  
Thou art thyself, alone, the cause  
Of her and thine own woe.

When lately in the rural dance  
Young Mary swoon'd away,  
She fell into thy circling arms,  
And in thy bosom lay.

Unmindful of thy Anna, then,  
She's left by thee, to lead  
A happy rival to her home,  
From off the sportive mead.

She pensive spent the ling'ring night,  
Nor found repose or rest :  
For the smart pangs of jealousy  
Disturb'd her wayward breast.

The following morning Emma came,  
And fann'd the kindling fire ;  
She told her, Mary did thy heart  
With anxious love inspire.

Now she has dropt the cheering hope  
Of calling thee her own."  
The youth with horror turn'd his head,  
And utter'd with a groan—

" And does she think her swain untrue ?  
And will she not relent ?  
I'll hasten to her instantly,  
And she will soon repent—

Or, in her presence will I die,  
Reproach her with the deed :  
And know if she can drop a tear,  
To see her true-love bleed."

He rose, with horror in his looks,  
And fury in his eye ;  
Resolv'd to see his Anna's face,  
And in her sight to die.

The Gipsy started from her seat,  
And threw off her disguise—  
When, bath'd in tears his Anna stood  
Before his wond'ring eyes !

"Come to my arms, thou injur'd youth,  
 Thy Anna's kind, (she cried)  
 Forgive, forgive my cruelty,  
 For now thy love I've tried."

William replied, with voice of joy—

"My Anna I forgive;  
 Thou call'st me from the arms of death,  
 'Within thine own to live.'"

## A BOTANY BAY ECLOGUE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WHY, stern remembrance, must thine iron hand  
 Harrow my soul? Why calls thy cruel power  
 The fields of England to my exil'd eyes,  
 The joys which once were mine? Even now I see  
 The lowly lovely dwelling! even now  
 Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls,  
 And hear the fearless redbreasts chirp around  
 To ask their morning-meal—For I was wont,  
 With friendly hand, to give their morning-meal,  
 Was wont to love their song, when ling'ring morn  
 Streak'd o'er the chilly landscape the dim light,  
 And thro' the open'd lattice hung my head  
 To view the snow-drop's bud; and thence, at eve,  
 When mildly fading sunk the summer sun,  
 Oft' have I lov'd to mark the rook's slow course  
 And hear his hollow croak, what time he sought



The church-yard elm, whose wide embow'ring  
 boughs  
 Full foliag'd, half conceal'd the house of God.  
 There, my dead father, often have I heard  
 Thy hallow'd voice explain the wond'rous works  
 Of heaven to sinful man. Ah, little deem'd  
 Thy virtuous bosom, that thy shameless child  
 So soon should spurn the lesson! sink the slave  
 Of vice and infamy! the hireling prey  
 Of brutal appetite! At length worn out  
 With famine, and th' avenging scourge of guilt,  
 Should dare dishonesty—yet dread to die.

---

### THE WINTER'S DAY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

**W**HEN raging storms deform the air,  
 And clouds of snow descend,  
 And the wide landscape, bright and fair,  
 No deepen'd colours blend:

When biting frost rides on the wind,  
 Bleak from the North and East,  
 And wealth is at its ease reclin'd,  
 Prepar'd to laugh and feast:

When the poor trav'ler treads the plain,  
 All dubious of his way,  
 And crawls with night-increasing pain,  
 And dreads the parting day;

When poverty, in vile attire,  
Shrinks from the biting blast,  
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,  
And fears it will not last:

When the fond mother hugs her child  
Still closer to her breast,  
And the poor infant, frost-beguil'd,  
Scarce feels that it is prest:

Then let the bounteous hand extend  
Its blessings to the poor,  
Nor spurn the wretched, while they bend,  
All suppliant at your door.

### ODE, ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY LOGAN.

UNTIMELY gone! for ever fled!  
The roses of the cheek so red,  
The affection warm, the temper mild,  
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd—  
The heart where goodness overflow'd—  
A clod amid the valley lies,  
And "dust to dust," the mourner cries.

O, from thy kindred early torn,  
And to thy grave untimely borne!

Vanish'd for ever from my view,  
Thou sister of my soul, adieu !

Fair with my first ideas twin'd,  
Thine image oft' will meet my mind ;  
And while remembrance brings thee near  
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft' does sorrow bend the head,  
Before we dwell among the dead !  
Scarce in the years of manly prime,  
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye !  
What deaths we suffer ere we die !  
Our broken friendships we deplore,  
And loves of youth that are no more.

No after-friendship e'er can raise  
Th' endearments of our early days :  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove  
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower ;  
And love, the blossom of an hour ;  
The spring of fancy cares control,  
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,  
How soon the heart forgets to beat !  
The blood runs cold at int'rest's call,  
They look with equal eyes on all.

Ye gods, whatever ye withhold,  
Let my affection ne'er grow old ;  
Ne'er may the human glow depart,  
Nor nature yield to frigid heart !

Still may the gen'rous bosom burn,  
Tho' doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn ;  
And still the friendly face appear,  
Tho' moisten'd with a tender tear.

---

## THE GIPSIES.

BY COWPER.

**I** SEE a column of slow rising smoke  
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.  
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung  
Between two poles, upon a stick transverse,  
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,  
Or vermin, or at best, of cock purloin'd  
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race !  
They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves un-  
quench'd

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.  
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more  
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,  
Conveying worthless dross into its place ;

Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.  
 Strange! that a creature rational, and cast  
 In human mould, should brutalize by choice  
 His nature; and, though capable of arts  
 By which the world might profit, and himself,  
 Self-banish'd from society, prefer  
 Such squalid sloth to honourable toil.  
 Yet even these, tho' feigning sickness, oft'  
 They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,  
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,  
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note  
 When safe occasion offers; and, with dance,  
 And music of the bladder and the bag,  
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.

---

### THE DRUM.

BY SCOTT.

**I** HATE that drum's discordant sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round:  
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,  
 And lures from cities and from fields,  
 To sell their liberty for charms  
 Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms,  
 And, when ambition's voice commands,  
 To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round,  
 To me it talks of ravag'd plains,  
 And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,

And mangled limbs, and dying groans,  
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;  
 And all that Mis'ry's hand bestows,  
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

---

LINES

*Written to a Friend, at Midnight, watching the sick-bed of an affectionate Sister.*

BY ELIZA.

**H**AST thou, dear Anna, watch'd the sickly bed,  
 And with thine arm soft-rear'd the drooping  
 head?

Hast thou, with agonizing hope and fear,  
 Hung o'er the pillow of a friend that's dear?

Has thy heart sunk, to hear the faint reply,  
 To mark the fading cheek—the languid eye—  
 The flutt'ring spirit starting with alarms,  
 And fainting breathless in thy trembling arms?  
 O, hast thou witness'd these!—thou'lt soon excuse  
 The inattention of Eliza's muse.

Has thine ear, wakeful, told the lonely hours,  
 From church-yard clock, through boist'rous winds  
 and show'rs—

'The ticking watch, the distant dog at bay,  
 And, longing, look'd for ling'ring, cheering day?



Hast thou, on tiptoe, pac'd the dreary room,  
 Fearful thy breath should break the solemn gloom—  
 Dress'd thee in smiles—suppress'd thine inward grief,  
 With the sweet thought, thy presence gave relief?

And, O the joy! to mark th' approving eye  
 Watch thy soft footstep, as thou glide'st by—  
 Th' expressive look these subtle joys enhance,  
 And tenfold pay thee, with their grateful glance.

The hand, faint rais'd for thee in silent pray'r,  
 Its gentle pressure for thy tender care—  
 Sweet are the pains this speechless shew affords,  
 And more than thank thee—with ten thousand words.

For these the fragile frame nor feels fatigue,  
 The spirit buoyant, props the friendly league—  
 If languid self would raise a piteous plea,  
 Ah, has not Lucy watch'd and wak'd for me!

And lo, as sweet reward for all my pains,  
 To see life animate her azure veins,  
 Health's softest tint the pallid hue efface,  
 And dress, as wont, her sweetly smiling face.

To see mild rais'd her grateful eye above—  
 To hear her thank me, with unfeigned love!  
 These tender scenes can be but faintly guess'd,  
 And felt too much, to clearly be express'd.

So some lov'd drooping plant, from winter's pow'rs\*,  
 Borne in thine arms to warmer climes and bow'rs,

\* Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairait à voir  
 celui qui le cultive se reposer sous son ombrage, respirer  
 le parfum de ses fleurs, goûter la douceur de ses fruits.

Marmontel.

Reviving, grateful for the transfer made,  
 Spreads all its leaves to form for thee a shade;  
 Breathes all its odours in a rich perfume,  
 Gives to thy bosom all its beauteous bloom,  
 Twines its soft tendrils, quickens every shoot,  
 And cheers thee with it's sweetest, choicest fruit.

---

## TO HENRY.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HAT silver sounds, melodious, meet, my ear,  
 And mourn responsive on the sighing gale,  
 Dropping, so sweetly sad, the pitying tear  
 O'er the soft sorrows of a recent tale!

Ah me, no fancy'd woes I held to view!  
 The woe-fraught scene is prattled round the coast;  
 Too true, alas! and pity 'tis, 'tis true—  
 William and Mary were together lost!

Nay, start not, Henry! for 'twas half conceal'd,  
 The simple facts, too copious for my line;  
 Listen!—ah list!—the rest shall be reveal'd—  
 Thou wilt not grudge to mingle tears with mine.

O it will cost me many a pang, I ween!  
 To trace their infant loves, each childish joy,  
 When little Mary gamboll'd o'er the green  
 With her lov'd William, then a fair hair'd boy.

Fresh, like the rosy morn, his cherub face,  
 And, like the berry dark, his laughing eyes ;  
 And Mary's too beam'd sweet with kindred grace,  
 The soft mild blue that paints the azure skies.

Oft' hand in hand they rambled o'er the plain,  
 And fill'd their little laps with store of flowers !  
 And oft' pursu'd the gilded fly in vain—  
 These were the pastimes of their earliest hours.

But war's shrill clarion rous'd the youth to arms !—  
 To gain for Mary wealth and fair renown,  
 Sighing he tore him from her blooming charms,  
 And left her weeping, joyless, and forlorn.

Full oft' retiring from the noisy throng,  
 To hide from vulgar eyes the struggling tear,  
 He breath'd his constant vows in artless song,  
 And pour'd the trembling numbers on her ear.

So the lorn bird, within the grove retir'd,  
 Trills her sweet notes, the thorn within her breast :  
 So sings the swan, her dying notes admir'd,  
 Her own sad requiem to eternal rest.

“ Mary, dear maid, though ocean rolls between,  
 “ And far, far off, is white-cliff'd Albion's shore,  
 “ Some sweet remark of thine illumines each scene,  
 “ Thy image breathes in ev'ry op'ning flower :

“ In the carnation, rich with coral glow,  
 “ The milder rose-bud, and the jess'mine fair,  
 “ Thy lip, thy modest blush, thy skin of snow,  
 “ And, in the almond brown, thy glossy hair :

" If the tall palm-tree bows beneath the breeze,  
 " Thy easy shape waves graceful in my view!  
 " If the sweet blue-bell glistens thro' the trees,  
 " 'Tis Mary's eye, impearl'd with pity's dew!"

Thus would he sing, till years of tedious toil  
 Sweet competency's meed had well acquir'd;  
 He came full laden with the spoiler's spoil,  
 And, just in view of happiness—expir'd!

Ah, what remains to close the dire affair?  
 Or who can paint the maiden as she stood!  
 Clasping her hands, and frantic with despair,  
 She plung'd, impetuous, in the raging flood!

Ah, hapless lovers!—dear presumptuous maid!  
 There may thy woes, thy cruel sorrows, cease—  
 Fruitless, alas! is now all human aid,  
 The hand which bruis'd, can only give thee peace.

---

### TO A FRIEND,

*Who asked how I felt, when the Nurse first presented  
my Infant to me.*

BY S. T. COLERIDGE,

**C**HARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when  
 first  
 I scan'd that face of feeble infancy:  
 For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst  
 All I had been, and all my babe might be!

But when I saw it on its mother's arm,  
 And hanging at her bosom (she the while  
 Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)  
 Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm  
 Impress'd a father's kiss: and all beguil'd  
 Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,  
 I seem'd to see an angel's form appear.—  
 'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!  
 So for the mother's sake the child was dear,  
 And dearer was the mother for the child.

---

### FROM WALKS IN A FOREST.

BY GISBORNE.

——HE, who form'd this beauteous globe  
 So fair, amid its brightest scenes hath hung,  
 Fit emblems of a perishable world;  
 And grav'd on tablets, he that runs may read  
 Your fickle date, ye sublunary joys.  
 The buds doth spring unfold, and, thick as dew  
 Spangling the grass, the purple bloom diffuse.  
 Comes a chill blight, and bids the sanguine youth  
 Read in its ravages a lore that tells  
 Of frustrate plans, and hopes indulg'd in vain.  
 Do summer suns the mead with herbage load,  
 And tinge the ripening year? With sudden rage  
 Descends the thunder-storm; the river swells  
 Impatient, leaps the mound; and, while the waves  
 Devour the promis'd harvest, calls on Thee,  
 O Man, to tremble for thy daily bread.  
 The faded leaves doth autumn scatter wide,

Or winter rend the desolated boughs,  
 And lay the fathers of the forest low?  
 Child of the dust, attend! To thee they cry,  
 Each from his whirlwind—"Earth is not thy  
 "home."

They bid thee seek, nor fruitless deem the toil,  
 A more enduring dwelling-place; the joys  
 Unutterable, which nor eye hath seen,  
 Nor ear hath heard, nor heart of man conceiv'd;  
 Joys which omnipotence prepares  
 For those who love their God.

---

### THE RURAL AMUSEMENTS OF A WINTER EVENING COMPARED WITH THE FA- SHIONABLE ONES.

BY COWPER.

**O**H Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,  
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
 But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
 And dreaded as thou art!—Thou hold'st the sun  
 A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,  
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,  
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,



Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group  
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,  
Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.  
I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.  
No ratt'ling wheels stop short before these gates ;  
No powder'd pert proficient in the art  
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors,  
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds  
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,  
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :  
But here the needle plies its busy task,  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;  
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.  
The poet's or historian's page, by one  
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest ;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;  
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct.  
And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry : the threaded steel

Flies swiftly, and, unfelt, the task proceeds.  
The volume clos'd, the customary rites  
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;  
Such as the mistress of the world once found  
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
Enjoy'd—spare feast—a radish and an egg!  
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,  
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth;  
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God  
That made them an intruder on their joys,  
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise  
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
Exciting oft' our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace, with mem'ry's pointing wand,  
That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,  
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found—  
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd—  
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.  
Oh ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd  
The Sabine bard. Oh ev'nings, I reply,  
More to be priz'd and coveted than your's,  
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,  
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy,

## ODE TO CONTENT.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!  
O seldom found, yet ever nigh;  
Receive my temp'rate vow;  
Not all the storms that shake the pole  
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,  
And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,  
With all thy sober cheer display'd,  
To bless my longing sight;  
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,  
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,  
And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more my varying passions beat,  
O gently guide my pilgrim feet  
To find thy hermit cell;  
Where, in some pure and equal sky,  
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,  
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in Attic vest,  
And innocence with candid breast,  
And clear undaunted eye;  
And hope, who points to distant years,  
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears  
A vista to the sky.

There health, thro' whose calm bosom glide  
The temp'rate joys in even tide,  
That rarely ebb or flow;  
And patience there, thy sister meek,  
Presents her mild unvarying cheek  
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phygian sage,  
A tyrant master's wanton rage  
With settled smiles to meet:  
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,  
He bow'd his meek submitted head,  
And kiss'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retir'd and coy,  
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy  
To tell thy tender tale?  
The lowliest children of the ground,  
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,  
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour  
I best may chuse to hail thy power,  
And court thy gentle sway?  
When autumn, friendly to the muse,  
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,  
And shed thy milder day.

When eve, her dewy star beneath,  
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,  
And every storm is laid;  
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,  
Oft' let me hear thy soothing voice  
Low whisp'ring through the shade.

# ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE OLD SPANIEL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AND they have drown'd thee then at last, poor  
 Phillis!  
 The burthen of old age was heavy on thee,  
 And yet thou should'st have liv'd! What tho' thine  
 eye

Was dim, and watch'd no more with eager joy  
 The wonted call, that on thy dull sense sunk  
 With fruitless repetition, the warm Sun  
 Would still have cheer'd thy slumber; thou didst  
 love

To lick the hand that fed thee; and, tho' past  
 Youth's active season, even life itself  
 Was comfort.—Poor old friend! most earnestly  
 Would I have pleaded for thee: thou hadst been  
 Still the companion of my childish sports;  
 And as I roam'd o'er Avon's woody cliffs,  
 From many a day-dream has thy short quick bark  
 Recall'd my wand'ring soul. I have beguil'd  
 Often the melancholy hours at school,  
 Sour'd by some little tyrant, with the thought  
 Of distant home, and I remember'd then  
 Thy faithful fondness; for not mean the joy,  
 Returning at the pleasant holidays,  
 I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively  
 Sometimes have I remark'd thy slow decay,  
 Feeling myself chang'd too, and musing much  
 On many a sad vicissitude of life!  
 Ah poor companion! when thou followedst last

Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate  
That clos'd for ever on him, thou didst lose  
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead  
For the old age of brute fidelity!  
But fare thee well! mine is no narrow creed;  
And HE who gave thee being did not frame  
The mystery of life to be the sport  
Of merciless man! There is another world  
For all that live and move—a better one!  
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine  
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds  
Of their own charity, may envy thee!

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## EULOGIUM ON CONVERSATION.

BY WILLIAM COOK, ESQ.

——CONVERSATION, ever on the wing,  
Delights to rove thro' all the honied spring  
Like music's voice, harmonious, deep, and clear,  
Pours all its information thro' the ear,  
Draws out the force of education's plan,  
Combines the whole, and finishes the man.

See how it decorates the classic page!  
And how the ancients felt this pleasing rage!  
Or at their baths—their meals—the public hall,  
'Twas Conversation took the lead in all.  
Here rights were canvass'd—manners understood,  
And laws develop'd for the public good,  
Here heroes deeds were told with kindred blaze,  
Nor humbler virtues 'scap'd their share of praise.



The matron's constancy—the sage's sense,  
 The power of beauty, and its best defence,  
 The poor man's firmness in the struggling hour,  
 Contentment's charm, or riches' liberal power,  
 All learning taught—all daily life had shewn—  
 The most unerring science to be known—  
 Were here enforced with simpleness and truth,  
 As food for age, or models for their youth;  
 Nay, ev'n in death they felt for human kind,  
 And left their moral legacies behind.

O! life's true teacher! most illustrious sage!  
 Whose great example burns from age to age,  
 Who scorn'd the trammels of the wrangling schools,  
 And taught philosophy by Christian rules;  
 Tho' doom'd a base unworthy death to share,  
 In spite of pity's voice, and virtue's prayer—  
 Still did thy soul, unbroken, and serene,  
 With conscious truth survey the awful scene,  
 Fearless what pangs the poison'd bowl could give,  
 And to the last inform'd us how to live.

With these bright models plac'd before our view,  
 Let's learn to copy each proportion true,  
 Explore what Conversation can produce,  
 For moral happiness, and social use.  
 In life's gay spring 'tis that perpetual school,  
 Which moulds the manners, free from tyrant rule,  
 Gives flow of speech, and readiness to scan  
 The various habitudes of active man.  
 Possess'd of this, we better learn to prize  
 What comforts fashion gives, or what denies;  
 What dress imports, what friendship's crowds employ,  
 In all the frivolous pursuits of joy.

Shielded by this, we better learn to shun  
Those baser lengths which youthful passions run;  
Gaming's sad charm, which rends all social ties,  
Engenders fraud, rapacity, and lies;  
Or Bacchus' court, or lust's decoying cell,  
Where rank disease and dissipation dwell.  
Far from those haunts the tutor'd bosom strays,  
Who Converse love—love not those dangerous ways.

What books we read, tho' read with critic zeal,  
'Tis Conversation stamps the final seal;  
Marks what's original, and what is known,  
And adds another's strictures to our own.  
What school, what travels, what examples taught,  
As rich materials for our use are brought,  
Proud now to feel what charm'd our earlier days,  
Return with ten-fold interest to our praise,  
On every side we some advantage prove,  
It warms our friendship, and inspires our love.

In later age, when passions milder flow,  
And our chief pride is rais'd on what we know,  
Tho' love no longer takes an active part,  
No longer flames or agitates the heart,  
Still Conversation keeps its settled throne,  
Its power of pleasing still is all our own.  
By this once more we prove the virgin kind,  
And gain fresh conquests o'er her charms of mind,  
Disperse the gloomy, aid the cheerful hour,  
Obtain respect, and confidence, and power.  
And when, approaching to its awful close,  
Life seeks its chiefest pleasure in repose,  
This social charm shall gild our setting day,  
Inspire fresh hopes, and brighter views display;

Hopes which foretaste, confirm'd by pious trust,  
 The sacred Conversation of the just.  
 Where man, "made perfect," feels celestial fires,  
 Glows in discourse, or hymns in heav'nly choirs,  
 Where, blest communion! every joy is thine,  
 Eternal truth—and harmony divine.

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VERSES, BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

[MR. SHERIDAN *meeting* MISS LINLEY (*afterwards* MRS. SHERIDAN) *at the entrance of a grotto in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice, with which, apprehending that she was displeased, he left the following lines in the grotto next day.*]

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,  
 And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping  
 tree;

Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,  
 And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,  
 As late I in secret her confidence sought;  
 And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,  
 As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,  
 And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,  
 Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?  
 And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries  
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;  
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,  
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow;  
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I  
see:

She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;  
She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe;  
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see:  
I cannot, I will not believe it was so;  
She was not, she could not, be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no  
wrong,  
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain:  
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,  
Which err'd from the feelings it could not ex-  
plain.

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,  
If Delia my humble monition refuse;  
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,  
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve  
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;  
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve  
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,  
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I swear,  
 The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,  
 I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus toss  
 Thy branches so lank o'er the slow winding  
 stream;

And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,  
 While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her charms  
 Each evening, and sometimes the whole evening  
 long;

Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms;  
 Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her song.

## ODE TO SPRING.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

**G**REEN-ROB'D Goddess! fair and young,  
 From Venus and Apollo sprung;  
 Blue-ey'd lily-bosom'd fair!  
 With smiling lips and flowing hair,  
 Come, with all thy festive hours,  
 Drest in coronets of flowers,  
 Such as thy own April flings  
 From his dew-impearled wings:  
 Vi'lets, cowslips, and the rose,  
 That yellow in the meadow grows

Snow-drops pure, and lilies pale,  
That love to linger in the vale,  
Come, and from those swimming eyes  
Where Cupids lurk, and rapture lies,  
Scatter glories o'er the earth,  
Such as may awake to birth  
Every loit'ring flower that dwells  
Closed within their icy cells.  
Hither turn thy buskin'd feet,  
Haste, thy Zephyrus to meet,  
And with him delighted rove  
Thro' every wood, and every grove;  
Bidding every bird awake  
That drooping sits in dell or brake.  
Spring, for thee, with looks elate,  
The youths implore, the maidens wait;  
And every plant, and every tree,  
Sighs, and buds, and droops for thee.  
See, the lilac longs to pour,  
O'er the green earth, her purple shower:  
And, waving o'er the fields, behold  
The soft liburnum's splendid gold  
Swells in vain, and pants to cast  
Her blossoms on the sounding blast;  
While now the almond, blushing deep,  
Wakens from her careless sleep,  
And glowing, kindling, waits alone  
Thy presence, to proclaim thee known.  
Oh! hither haste! for oft' I sigh  
For April's earth, and April's sky;  
I pant to mark thy varied day,  
To bless thy smiles, to hail thy sway;  
To wander with thee thro' thy bowers,  
Enjoy thy sun, and feel thy showers.



## THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

*(A true Story)*

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs  
Swept Ouse's silent tide,  
When, 'scap'd from literary cares,  
I wander'd on its side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,  
And high in pedigree;  
(Two nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace  
That spaniel found for me)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,  
Now starting into sight,  
Pursu'd the swallows o'er the meads,  
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd  
His lilies newly blown;  
Their beauties I intent survey'd,  
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought  
To steer it close to land,  
But still the prize, tho' nearly caught,  
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau watch'd my unsuccessful pains  
With fix'd considerate face,  
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains  
To comprehend the case :

But with a chirrup, clear and strong,  
Dispersing all his dream,  
I then withdrew, and follow'd long  
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finish'd, I return'd,  
Beau trotting far before,  
The floating wreath again discern'd,  
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd,  
Impatient swim to meet  
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd  
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cry'd,  
Shall know of this thy deed;  
My dog shall mortify the pride  
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,  
Awake at duty's call,  
To shew a love as prompt as thine,  
To Him that gives me all.

## ODE TO WISDOM.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

**O** WISDOM, if thy soft controul  
 Can sooth the sickness of the soul,  
 Can bid the warring passions cease,  
 And breathe the calm of tender peace;  
 Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,  
 And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st, with frown austere,  
 To nurse the brood of care and fear—  
 To bid our sweetest passions die,  
 And leave us in their room a sigh—  
 Or if thine aspect stern have pow'r  
 To wither each poor transient flow'r  
 That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,  
 And dry the springs whence hope should flow—  
 Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,  
 Thou empty boast of pompous name!  
 In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,  
 But never haunt my cheerful cell.  
 Hail to pleasure's frolic train!  
 Hail to fancy's golden reign!  
 Festive mirth, and laughter wild,  
 Free and sportful as the child!  
 Hope, with eager sparkling eyes,  
 And easy faith, and fond surprize!  
 Let these, in fairy colours dress'd,  
 For ever share my careless breast:  
 Then, tho' wise I may not be,  
 The wise themselves shall envy me.

## A THOUGHT UPON DEATH.

BY FITZGERALD.

'TIS vain, my soul, 'tis impious all,  
The human lot to mourn,  
That life so soon must fleet away,  
And dust to dust return.

Alas ! from death the terrors fly,  
When once 'tis understood ;  
'Tis nature's call—'tis God's decree—  
And is, and must be good.

Wearied his limbs with honest toil,  
And void of cares his breast,  
See how the lab'ring hind sinks down  
Each night to wholesome rest.

No nauseous fumes perplex his sleep,  
No guilty starts surprize ;  
The visions that his fancy forms  
All free and chearful rise.

So thou, nor led by lusts astray,  
Nor gall'd with anxious strife,  
With virtuous industry fulfil  
The plain intent of life.

Pass calmly thy appointed day,  
And usefully employ,  
And then thou'rt sure, whate'er succeed,  
Is rest, and peace, and joy.

## A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM lxxiv, v. 16, 17.

BY MISS WILLIAMS.

*The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.*

*Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter.*

**M**Y God! all nature owns thy sway,  
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!  
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,  
 When morning rich in lustre breaks,  
 And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,  
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;  
 And when she pours her choral song,  
 Her melodies to thee belong!  
 Or when, in paler tints array'd,  
 The evening slowly spreads her shade;  
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom  
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,  
 Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,  
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;  
 From earth the pensive spirit free,  
 And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.

In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,  
 In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,  
 Upon the mountain's awful head,  
 Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;  
 In ev'ry note that swells the gale,  
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,

The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,  
A voice is heard of praise and love.  
As o'er thy work the seasons roll,  
And sooth, with change of blifs, the soul,  
Oh never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human scene in vain!  
But oft' as on the charm we gaze,  
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
The joys that from thy favour rise!

---

## A PRAYER ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

BY BURNS.

**O** THOU unknown Almighty Cause  
Of all my hope and fear!  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun,  
As something loudly in my breast  
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong;  
And list'ning to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.



Where human weakness has come short,  
 Or frailty stepp'd aside,  
 Do Thou, all good! for such Thou art,  
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,  
 No other plea I have,  
 But, thou art good; and goodness still  
 Delighteth to forgive.

### ELEGY TO PITY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

**H**AIL, lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves the  
 sigh,

When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;  
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye.

When rigid fate denies the power to bless,

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey

From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare;  
 Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,  
 Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;  
 Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;  
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,  
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies,

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,  
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,  
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free,  
 And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,  
And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam,  
Let us, flow wand'ring where the current flows,  
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,  
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;  
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,  
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,  
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,  
To mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief,  
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,  
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,  
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,  
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

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FROM THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,  
A POEM.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

**D**OWN by yon hazel copse, at ev'ning, blaz'd  
The gipsy's faggot—there we stood and  
gaz'd;

Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,  
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;  
Her moving lips, her cauldron brimming o'er;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,

Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,  
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;  
 Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,  
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:  
 And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,  
 Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.  
 And o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
 And trac'd the line of life with searching view,  
 How throb'd my flutt'ring pulse with hopes and  
     fears,  
 To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!  
 This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!  
 We led the bending beggar on his way;  
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey)  
 Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt,  
 As in his scrip we dropp'd our little store,  
 And wept to think that little was no more,  
 He breath'd his pray'r, "Long may such goodness  
     "live!"  
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with fullen swell  
 The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!  
 It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace  
 The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel-door,  
 Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,  
 Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,  
 When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;  
 Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
 That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

## FROM THE SAME.

**O**FT' has the aged tenant of the vale  
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;  
Oft' have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,  
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd,  
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,  
And on the scath'd oak war'd the winter wind;  
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray  
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;  
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his list'ning ear,  
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;  
Then did his horse the homeward track descrie,  
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;  
And win each wav'ring purpose to relent,  
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,  
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,  
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form  
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;  
And who will first his fond impatience meet?  
His faithful dog's already at his feet!  
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,  
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,  
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,  
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.  
And see, the master but returns to die!  
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?  
The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,  
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;  
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,  
Will firm fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove  
 The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?  
 Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?  
 Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bless'd the sight.  
 Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,  
 Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—  
 'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,  
 And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,  
 And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.  
 When with the silent energy of grief,  
 With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,  
 Want, with her babes, round gen'rous Valour clung,  
 To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,  
 'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;  
 Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,  
 Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from  
 the sky.

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### FROM THE SAME.

**W**HEN the blithe son of Savoy, roving round  
 With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,  
 From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,  
 And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;  
 Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,  
 And at his feet the thunder dies away,  
 Oft', in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,  
 While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,  
 With mem'ry's aid, he sits at home, and sees  
 His children sport beneath their native trees,

And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,  
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy madness dwell?  
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?  
Each fiery flight on frenzy's wing restrain,  
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?  
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,  
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!  
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought  
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;  
Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias, drew  
Forms ever fair, creations ever knew!

But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,  
The spectre poverty unnerv'd his frame.  
Cold was her grasp, a with'ring scowl she wore;  
And hope's soft energies were felt no more.  
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!  
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!  
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,  
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!  
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.  
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,  
Go, spring the mine of elevated thought,  
He who, thro' nature's various walk, surveys  
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;  
Whose mind prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,  
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;  
May range at will bright fancy's golden clime,  
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,  
Or wake the spirit of departed time.  
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,  
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!



So richly cultur'd every native grace,  
 Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:  
 But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,  
 Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!  
 The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,  
 Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!  
 Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,  
 By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?  
 When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,  
 Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,  
 Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue  
 Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;  
 Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,  
 O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;  
 With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,  
 And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.  
 So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,  
 Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;  
 Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,  
 Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

---

 FROM THE SAME.

**O**FT' may the spirits of the dead descend,  
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;  
 To hover round his ev'ning-walk unseen,  
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;  
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
 And heav'n and nature open'd to their view.  
 Oft', when he trims his chearful hearth, and sees  
 A smiling circle emulous to please;

There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share  
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;  
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know  
The humble walks of happiness below;  
If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout, yet cheerful, active, yet resign'd;  
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,  
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,  
To meet the changes time and chance present,  
With modest dignity and calm content.

When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,  
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;  
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;  
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?  
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,  
Th' inspiring voice of innocence and truth!

Hail, mèm'ry, hail! in thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And place and time are subject to thy sway!  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.  
Lighter than air, hope's summer-visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!

But can the wiles of art, the grasp of pow'r,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

### TO MY CANDLE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

**T**HOU lone companion of the spectred night,  
 I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,  
 To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—  
 Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,  
 Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,  
 And swells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;  
 Now blacken'd, and now flashing thro' her skies,  
 But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,

I own I labour for the voice of praise—  
 For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?  
 Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er *Shakspeare's*  
 page,

I mark, in visions of delight, the *sage*,  
 High o'er the wrecks of man who stands sublime;  
 A *column* in the melancholy waste  
 (Its cities humbled, and its glories past),  
 Majestic, 'mid the solitude of *time*.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—  
 Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas ! what ne'er should die—  
 A form that wakes my deepest sigh ;  
 A form, that feels of death the leaden sleep—  
 Descending to the realms of shade,  
 I view a pale-ey'd panting maid,  
 I see the *Virtues* o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah ! could the *Muse's* simple pray'r  
 Command the envied trump of fame,  
 Oblivion should *Eliza* spare ;

A world should echo with her name.  
 Art thou departing too, my trembling friend ?  
 Ah ! draws thy little lustre to its end ?

Yes, on thy frame fate too shall fix her seal—  
 O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay ;  
 How fast that frame, so tender, wears away ?

How fast thy life the restless minutes steal !  
 How slender now, alas ! thy thread of fire !  
 Ah ! falling, falling, ready to expire !

In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er.  
 At life thou snatchest with an eager leap :  
 Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,

Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no  
 more !  
 Thus shall the suns of science sink away,

And thus of beauty fade the fairest flow'r—  
 For where's the giant who to time shall say,

“ Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r ? ”

## EVENING CONTEMPLATION IN A COLLEGE.

*In Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.*

BY DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,  
 With jarring sound the porter turns the key;  
 Then in his dreary mansion slumb'ring waits,  
 And slowly, sternly, quits it, though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,  
 And thro' the cloisters peace and silence reign;  
 Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,  
 Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,  
 Where sleeps a student in profound repose,  
 Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes thro' the gloom  
 The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimm'ring  
 shade,

Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,  
 Each in his narrow bed till morning-laid,  
 The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,  
 The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,  
 The call of business and domestic cares,  
 Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring females crowd their social fire,  
 No dread have they of discord and of strife;  
 Unknown the names of husband and of fire,  
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

# MODERN POEMS.

119

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,  
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,  
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!  
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O! let not temp'rance, too disdainful, hear  
How long their feasts, how long their dinners last:  
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,  
On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face  
(Themselves confess it, and their fires bemoan)  
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;  
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,  
If these no feats of gaiety display,  
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing  
vault  
Melodious Frazz trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band?  
Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown?  
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?  
Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring walls reside  
Some who were once the darling of the fair,  
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,  
Controul the manager, and awe the play'r.

But science now has fill'd their vacant mind  
With Rome's rich spoils, and truth's exalted views,  
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,  
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.



Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,  
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;  
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,  
With twinkling lustre glimmers thro' the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,  
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose,  
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,  
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,  
Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,  
To shield Britannia's and religion's laws,  
And steer, with steady course, the helm of state—

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;  
Forbids in freedom's veil t' insult the throne,  
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind  
With "pensions; taxes, marriages, and Jews;"  
Or shut the gates of heav'n on lost mankind,  
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,  
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;  
Content and happy in a single life,  
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,  
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,  
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,  
They claim the passing tribute of a smile:

Of are the author's names, though richly bound,  
Mis-spelt by blund'ring binders' want of care;  
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,  
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,  
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?  
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,  
And on those cases casts a ling'ring look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,  
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;  
For songs and plays the voice of beauty cries,  
And sense and nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, with prying search, in future years,  
Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,  
And say, "Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,  
" With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,  
" To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;

" There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,  
" Which rears it's old moth-eaten back so high,  
" At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,  
" And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

" Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,  
" Or mirthful converse, would he loit'ring stand;  
" Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,  
" Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

- " One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,  
 " Nor in the hall, nor on his fav'rite green :  
 " Another came ; nor yet within the chair,  
 " Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.  
 " The next we heard that, in a neighb'ring shire,  
 " That day to church he led a blushing bride,  
 " A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear  
 " Improv'd her beauty while the knot was tied  
 " Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,  
 " He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent,  
 " Yet ever mindful of the place he lov'd,  
 " Read here the letter which he lately sent."

*The Letter.*

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,  
 Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
 Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,  
 And social quiet marks me for her own :

Next to the blessings of religious truth,  
 Two gifts my endless gratitude engage—  
 A wife, the joy and transport of my youth ;  
 Now with a son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,  
 In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;  
 Content with calm domestic life, where meet  
 The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love

FINIS.

